

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by Harry Irving Shumway

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOME DECORATION IN THE WORLD

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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IN NINE CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I

"THERE! He's done the very thing I was afraid he'd do!" exclaimed Beatrice Boyden, biting her lips in vexation and disappointment; and for the first time in her eighteen years she felt like taking her father by the shoulders and shaking him—hard!

Her white slender fingers tightened on the doorpost, and with eyes that were dark and tragic she leaned forward, tensely poised, the better to hear the conversation of the two men out by the roadside.

"Yes, they're first-rate apples," she heard her father say. "I'm glad you like them. The old tree yielded three barrels this year. There's nothing like a Baldwin, Mr. Dixon; I don't care what any man says—"

"But, Mr. Boyden," the other interrupted him earnestly, "I don't like to take these apples, really I don't! I'd feel a whole lot better if you'd let me pay—"

"Not another word! Not another word, I say!"

Even though her father's back was turned toward her, Beatrice knew exactly how his face looked at that moment—the finely shaped dark eyebrows lifted, the small blue eyes direct and imperious, the thin lips tightly set—the face of a Boyden who is in the habit of always having his way.

"Tell Mrs. Smiley," he continued, "that I'm saving a barrel for her too. You'd oblige me a whole lot if you'd do that. No—no, indeed! I'm not robbing myself, not in the least. There's nearly a full barrel left—and the girls aren't especially fond of apples. Now let me help you lift it on the truck."

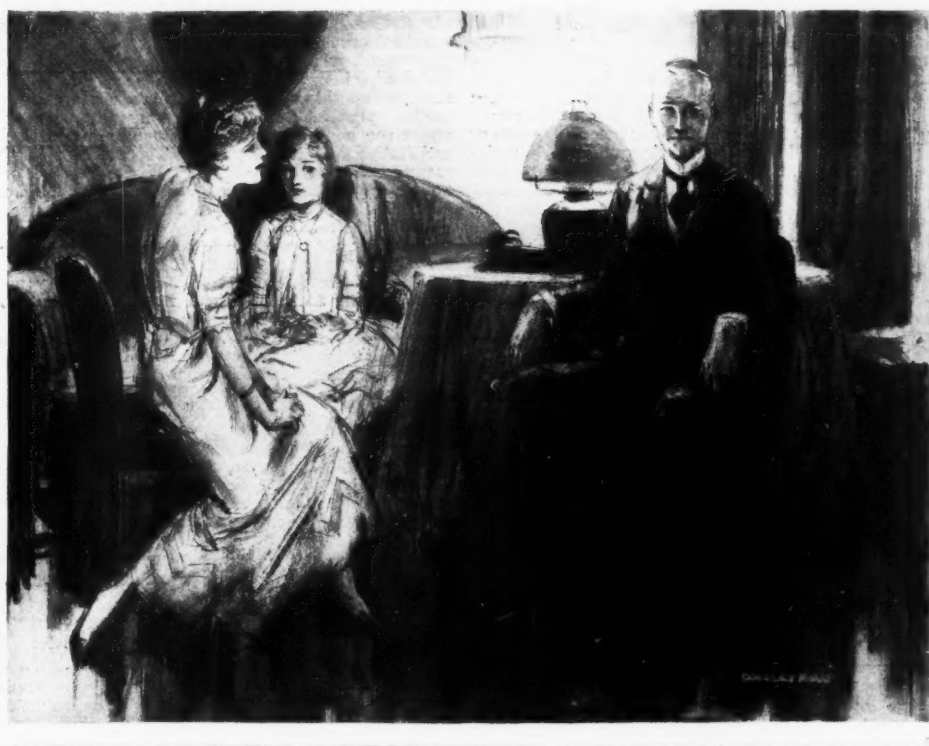
Beatrice felt like crying as she watched the two men lift the barrel. It was almost more than she could bear, to see those apples go like that! She stepped back, closed the door and, turning, confronted her younger sister, Amy. The little girl—she had just passed her fourteenth birthday—wore a long gingham apron spotted with water from the morning's dishwashing. Her light brown hair, dank with steam and perspiration, lay plastered in wisps against her low, broad forehead; her wide blue eyes held a look of eager hope, which faded at sight of the tragedy in her sister's face.

"He gave them away!" exclaimed Beatrice bitterly. "And he's promised the second barrel to old Mrs. Smiley! Absolutely not a penny for them! Oh, Amy, I could cry! He was certainly magnificent about it—I'll admit that. I saw the whole thing, and if I'd been an utter stranger I'd have thought, 'There's a well-to-do, generous-hearted man with more apples than he can use.' Well-to-do! I don't think there's a family in the country that has less to do with than we have!"

She turned her head and peered through the glass in the door just as Mr. Dixon started his truck. "Oh, I could cry!" she repeated.

THE slender shoulders of the younger girl slumped visibly as she pressed her face against the glass. Philander Boyden was sitting upon the stone wall, one long leg drawn up, his wide black felt hat tipped back at a satisfied angle from his face, one hand holding a partly eaten apple that blazed dark red in the autumn sunlight. His face was serene, his whole attitude that of a man of means with no business cares, no private worries—and Amy Boyden, housekeeper for the motherless family of five, hardly knew where their next loaf of bread was coming from!

Beatrice suddenly put both arms round her sister. "Amy, dear, what are we going to do?"



"Just look at our surroundings," continued Beatrice. "Look at our home—falling to pieces!"

The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Authors of "The Glory of Peggy Harrison"

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

The little girl choked back a sob. "I'd counted on the money from those apples," she said brokenly. "The boys need shoes—we all need clothes—and, oh, we've got to eat!"

"I told him he ought to sell them," said Beatrice, "but he was non-committal about it. Now I know why he gave them away. It's because Mr. Dixon lost his wife a year ago, and business affairs have been going downhill with him ever since. Father pities him, and I'm sure he worries about him. And old Mrs. Smiley has those three motherless grandchildren to provide for and not much to do it with. That's the reason; but, Amy, are they any worse off than we are?"

"No, Bee, but father thinks they are, and that's enough." Amy's voice was gentle, almost reproachful.

"Oh, I'm a mean, unlovely daughter to get so wrought up!" Beatrice exclaimed in sudden self-reproach. "I love him for his big heart. I think I love him at this moment more than ever before; but, Amy, there's something inside of me,—my temperament perhaps,—something that keeps me stirred up. I'm dissatisfied, and I've been dissatisfied for a long time."

"Yes, I know you have, Bee, dear," said Amy.

"You and I are as different as two sisters could possibly be," the older girl continued. "I think you'd be willing to go on this way, striving, worrying, working your fingers to the bone, until we were all in the poor-house! I'm not that sort. I've reached the end of my patience, I've got to do something. Somehow I've got to pull the family out of the hole we've got ourselves into! Think of the way we've been living ever since mother died! Think of the responsibility that you've had for the past six months; it's more than mother herself ever had—and, goodness knows, that was heavy enough! Oh, yes, it is a responsibility; don't tell me it isn't! Every morning you take one of those cards

from the shredded-wheat box and write down a long list of the things you think we've simply got to have; then you begin to cross them out one after another, because there's never enough money to get them with. I tell you I can't stand it any longer!"

Amy was regarding her sister now with surprise and bewilderment. Beatrice had the good looks of the family, and they had never showed to better advantage than now. Her hair was dark and lustrous with a natural curl that was the envy of all the girls who had known her at high school; her eyes were large and full of gleaming points of light. She had the straight strong Boyden nose with its sensitive nostrils, the well-molded Boyden chin suggesting firmness and strength of purpose. Her mouth was her mother's—wide, pleasant and kindly. Her tall slender body and her natural grace and bearing also were her mother's. All in all, she was a girl to attract a second glance, especially when her spirit was roused, as it was now.

"But, Bee, what can you do that you haven't already done?" Amy asked in a weak voice.

"Listen, little sister," was the quick reply. "Why do you suppose I've been letting you run the house for the past half-year?"

"I supposed you were tired of it. I—I didn't blame you."

Beatrice laughed mirthlessly. "I was tired, but that's not why. I did it because I wanted you to get into the swing of things before I went away."

"Oh, Beatrice! You'd go and leave us to struggle on alone—"

"Listen, Amy! When a family gets into a mess like the one we're in, some one has got to take the bit in his teeth and do something radical. You can't do it; you're too young. Father has those dreadful dizzy spells whenever he goes to town—and the boys of course are out of the question. That leaves me as the logical candidate, doesn't it?"

"But I was just beginning to make plans for this Christmas of 1909."

"And what a Christmas!" said Beatrice, bitterly. "In the old days we had our stockings full, and so many gifts from father and mother, and from members of the family in town and in other places. You remember the big tree, Amy, and how many children always came to it, and how they went home with their arms and pockets just full of presents."

The little girl looked at Beatrice with open eyes, in which tears had begun to glisten.

"It does seem that hardly anybody will remember us this Christmas," she said. "Of course, we can't have any tree, except just a little one. I thought we could trim it for father and the boys. There is a lot of tinsel left over, somewhere, and some little candles, too. We can make it for father, and for Harry, and baby brother Joe."

"Little Joe isn't a baby any more, really. We ought to have some nice presents for him. Of course, I can make him something—but I know what he really would like is a toy train that will run."

"Or a toy engine," added Amy.

"When I think of the presents I used to get—dolls and doll's houses, pretty clothes of all kinds, beautiful illus-

trated books, candy, everything that my heart could wish, and then some more—well, I think it takes the Christmas season to make you realize how you feel when your family loses all their money."

"We can make some candy."

"Yes, but it won't be the same thing. It may taste better than most of the candy you buy, but it won't come in a lovely Christmas box, or in a cornucopia. Do you remember the cornucopias, Amy?"

"Of course I do. I feel just as badly as you do, Bee—"

Suddenly the little girl sat down, put her hands up before her eyes, and shook with sobs that she tried bravely to suppress.

"Oh, I am a brute!" exclaimed Beatrice, all her apparent bitterness disappearing instantly. "I had no business to play on your feelings as I did. Christmas is not wholly a matter of beautiful and costly gifts. It is the spirit that counts. Cheer up, Amy. We'll make the finest little tree ever seen in town; and I have a sleeveless sweater almost finished for father, and I will make little Joe the jack-o'-lantern that we forgot to make him for Halloween, and you can make something even nicer for Harry, and between us we'll make a regular Christmas dinner—even if we have to make it out of turnips."

In spite of herself, Amy had to laugh at this idea, and at the merry note in Beatrice's voice. Beatrice was a girl who could change quickly from the depths of woe to the height of good spirits. It is almost needless to say that she could not feel the gayety which she put into her voice.

"Well," said Amy, "we can start the day of course by going to church as usual with father and the boys. That will take up part of the morning. Before that, they can have their stockings!"

"I'm afraid Santa Claus won't find much to put in their stockings this year except oranges—and apples," smiled Beatrice. "However, we'll have to trust him. I'm going to hang up my stocking too."

"So am I," said Amy. "I always do, and I always will."

"Then, after we get home from church, we will have our Christmas dinner; and then the boys can play on the hill. Oh, I do hope there will be good coasting. I can't bear Christmas unless there is plenty of snow."

"Neither can I," answered a deep, unexpected voice. Mr. Boyden had come into

the house, and his face was framed in the doorway.

"What are you two girls talking about so mysteriously?" he asked.

"Oh, about Christmas, and Christmas presents, and Christmas dinner, and going to church, and some other things," replied Beatrice.

"We won't have a very fat Christmas this year," said her father. "But, after all, the essential part of Christmas is the Christmas spirit. When you have lived as long as I have, you begin to find that all the gifts and the banquets are merely trimmings—like trimmings on the tree. What counts is the family spirit that comes to its best expression on Christmas Day. What counts even more is our observance of the day as the most solemn festival in all our history as mankind and womankind. People who are so thoughtless, or who pretend to be so busy, that they don't go to church on Christmas Day miss something that no other influence in the world can give them. I pity some of the poor modern people who have deprived themselves, or have been deprived by indifferent and foolish parents, of the spiritual joy of worship on Sunday, and on Christmas and Easter especially. The world can take from you every satisfaction but that one. And that one, to me, seems the greatest satisfaction of all."

Mr. Boyden turned and walked away. The girls looked at each other.

"I suppose we are too young to see things just as father does," said Beatrice. "But I would like to remember, when I am old, just what he has said today."

Amy rose from the sofa on which she had been lying; its covering was tattered, and the cushions were frayed. She began to bustle around the room, straightening the furniture and preparing to light the lamps. Trimming and filling those lamps was one of her hardest daily tasks.

"But I will tell you this," said Beatrice. "Up to a certain point, everybody is just what she makes herself. There is a great deal of hard luck in life, I suppose. But there is good luck, too, if you deserve it. You are a home girl. You will never be as happy anywhere else as you are taking care of a house. But I am going out, just as soon as I can, to see if I can make a career for myself. Plenty of other women have good positions and make money for their families. Why shouldn't I do as well? I will certainly try hard. We will make the best Christmas we can this year, and then I am going to leave home and try to get a position that will help me and you too."

"But where are you going? What are you going to do? Oh, Bee, you frighten me! You look so—so different!"

"I feel different! And, Amy, dear, to tell the truth I'm a little frightened, myself—but I'm going away just the same."

"To New York?" asked Amy tremulously. "Yes. But don't ask me what I'm going to do when I get there. I'm not quite sure; I want more time to think. And, Amy, I want you to back me up when the time comes to tell father. You know how he is, especially where I'm concerned. There'll be a scene; I wish I could avoid that, but I know I'll have to face it. It's for his good that I'm going. It's for your good too and for the good of Ralph and Bobbie—but I'm afraid I can't make him see it that way. Now, please, let's not talk about it any more. I want to be alone."

Beatrice went to her room, stopping at the kitchen on the way in order to take from behind the breadbox one of her sister's shredded-wheat cards. A few moments later she was seated on her bed, pencil in hand, noting down on the slip various articles of clothing that seemed essential to a girl about to make so bold a venture; and, like the younger sister, she was compelled to draw a line through items one after another, simply because many of the things that seemed essential were clearly not to be had.

THE house the Boydens lived in was one of those highly ornate, comfortably spacious dwellings that went up in such great numbers more than a quarter of a century ago. Beatrice's grandfather, Wilbert Boyden, had built it when the country round about was farm land and the city to the south was a town. The house crowned Boyden's Hill, as the rise of ground was called, towering above the barn and out-buildings across the road—a landmark for a score of miles. Those had been happy, prosperous days, when the house could depend on having its trimmings painted every fall and its clapboards every second year. Now prosperity had passed it by,

leaving it to the severe usages of hard times.

The old discolored grayish paint chipped in curls from the wide boards. The fancy gingerbread work beneath the eaves and above the upper front windows was warped and broken—suggesting torn and discolored lace on a gown that once had been lovely.

The roof sagged at one corner, and the fancy wooden railing at the top—the special pride of its builder—had come down in the ice storm a year before. Hard times too had left their mark inside—tell-tale stains on the high ceilings where water had come through, splintered stairways, squeaky boards, time-darkened walls with their quaintly patterned paper, and here and there a patch of bare plaster bordering a dark hole where rats or mice had gnawed their way through, sprinkling the fine white dust on the floor beneath the aperture.

The house belonged neither to the city nor to the country—nor indeed to the suburbs. It stood along a broken asphalt road just outside the corporate city limits. Beyond the road was a dump, where noisy, high-piled trucks came six days a week to deposit the city's rubbish—old broken chairs, rusty spring mattresses, tin cans beyond number, all sorts of bottles, tons and tons of paper, white, yellow, green and brown, fluttering in the wind, scattering in all directions with the least puff of air, lodging in unsightly patches against the stone wall and the foundation of the house.

That was the outlook from the front bedrooms, which the girls occupied; and at night they could see the fires eternally burning in an effort to consume the waste,

very shabby, gentility, too loyal to his blood to admit that his position was anomalous, too generous by nature even to make the best of his few assets. Of course there was a legacy—there usually is in such cases—but it was only large enough to enable the father to hold on. Thus it had been for more than five years, ever since he had been obliged to lay aside his old work—that of wholesale buyer for a clothing house. Since then he had done many things to maintain himself and his family—little things, like addressing envelopes, such as he could do at home. He was a beautiful penman and found a certain satisfaction in applying himself in that way, but it was nothing compared with the satisfaction he derived from little puttering tasks about the house—tasks that brought him satisfaction and nothing more. There are many men like that—lovable, generous-hearted, handicapped by nature, always cheerful about the house, seldom in low spirits, never getting anywhere.

Philander Boyden was the last of a fine old family who had helped to make history in America. He was proud of his heritage without being the least vain of it. He had faith in his ability to live as those pioneer Boydens before him had lived, uprightly, without having to ask favors of anyone, able in spite of adversity to help others now and then. There were times when black despair descended upon him, when he would feel acutely the sordidness, the hopelessness, of his surroundings, but he always hid his true feelings from his daughters, comforting himself with the thought that the Boydens before him had surmounted difficulties of health and environment, and that in the end, somehow, he would be able to do the same.



"You and I are as different as two sisters could possibly be," the older girl continued. "I think you'd be willing to go on this way, striving, worrying, working your fingers to the bone until we're all in the poor-house."

and smell the acrid smoke as it drifted against the house when the wind was from the west—as it usually was.

In the field behind rose smoke of another kind, black and greasy—the smoke from the new factories that roared and crunched and pounded night and day, staining the clothes on the line on sunny afternoons, depositing an ugly coating on the gnarled old apple tree—which came off on the boys' hands and clothes when they tried to scramble up after apples—powdering the snow in winter, so that even when Ralph and Bobbie went coasting they were sure to come home with blackened cuffs.

And so, literally caught between two fires, Philander Boyden lived his life of shabby,

He lowered his book and smiled at her over the top of it. "Yes, Bee?"

"I've something to say to you—something I'm afraid you won't like." Then, as if fearful of her own strength of will, she made the plunge. "I've decided to go away. I'm going to New York and—enter business—"

The book dropped to his lap and slid to the floor as he lifted one hand to remove the pince-nez. Amy, watching him from the sofa, noticed that the hand trembled; but Mr. Boyden's voice was clear and firm as he replied: "Please tell me more about it, Bee."

She could not know the sudden heartache her words had caused him or the still deeper pain that was in store for him. "I simply cannot live this way any longer," she replied. "I haven't the temperament to live in poverty when I know I can help myself—"

"Poverty?" His lips trembled as he spoke the word. He knew it was the truth, of course, but it hurt him to hear her say it. He felt suddenly mean and cruel, as if she were pointing out to him how he had failed in his duty toward his family.

"Just look at our surroundings!" continued Beatrice earnestly. "Just look at our house—falling to pieces! I've stood it as long as I can. I'm going to New York and get a job. Part of what I earn I'll send home, and that will help a little at first. Later on I'll earn more—"

It seemed to him now as if he were actually driving her away. He was of the old school, secretly disapproving of young girls in business, taking pride in having his girls at home with him. And now—

"It isn't a whim," Beatrice was saying. "It isn't the result of snap judgment. I've pondered it for a long time. Amy knows it, don't you, Amy? We simply can't go on living this way!"

"You'd go away and leave us? You'd be a stenographer to somebody—"

"I may have to do that at first," said Beatrice. "In the end I think I'll get into editorial work. I want to be independent. I want to earn money for all of us—and I want to make a name for myself. Oh, I know you don't want me to go, and much as I want to do it, I wouldn't—if it weren't necessary."

HE rose unsteadily to his feet, the pince-nez dangling from its black ribbon. Back and forth the length of the long room he strode, his gaze fixed on the floor, the corners of his mouth twitching.

Both girls remained sitting, Beatrice with her mouth firmly set, her chin lifted. Amy watched the two of them—so much alike in form and features, yet so different in their point of view. It was not the first time the two had differed, but now the younger girl was frightened as she had never been before.

Back and forth he continued to stride in the silent room, back and forth, back and forth until Amy felt she could not bear the tension another minute. Suddenly he paused and faced her.

"What has Bee been saying to you?" he asked in a faint voice.

"Only what she has just said to you," replied Amy. "She spoke to me of her plan only this morning."

"And what—what do you think of it?" His eyes were pleading.

Amy's gaze lowered to the worn ingrain carpet and remained fixed on the broad threadbare patch in front of the sofa. "I—I think she ought to go," she replied in a low voice. "Somehow I know it's right—because—because mother always used to say—"

She checked herself at sight of the sudden anguish in his face. It was as if she had struck him. He stepped backward uncertainly with a far-off look in his eyes, groped blindly for the arm of his chair, then sank into it heavily, like an old man. The next moment with a deep audible breath that seemed to come from the depths of his tortured soul he bent forward and covered his face with his hands.

Both girls were at his side in an instant, and Beatrice, her mouth more than ever like her mother's, all her resolution gone, was stroking his head, murmuring, "Father, oh, father! Forgive me! I'll never, never, never leave you!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Editor's Note—In next week's issue will appear the most interesting announcement ever made to young authors. If you like to write good stories as well as to read them—and if you ever had any difficulty in getting your work considered, accepted and paid for—then do not miss page 1033 of *The Youth's Companion* next week.

STANDING in the doorway of the office, Dan Tolliver looked square into the eyes of the man who had sent him to prison for three years. "Any use me lookin' in?" he asked.

While Amsden's cold blue eyes were appraising him, Amsden's lean jaw clamped shut mercilessly, and for a moment he said nothing. Then, seeing in Tolliver's young eyes the light of honest purpose, Amsden relaxed.

"Dan Tolliver," he said, "I'm glad you've come back—mighty glad!"

Tolliver entered the rough pine office of the supply house and sat down, nervously fumbling with his hat.

"Some of the boys told me about your release—that you were coming north from Seattle," said Amsden. "We're just sending out the Christmas supplies. I'll see that there's something for you to do."

Tolliver was not an eloquent man, but his eyes spoke his gratitude. Here was the very scene of his fatal mistake three years ago. Through that door in which he had just been standing he had carried out the crates of supplies which Amsden had found missing, and had traced to him and another man. The other man had been—Tolliver's uncle; an evil, scheming ne'er-do-well, who had persuaded him that petty thieving was the privilege of any company employee. Too late Tolliver had learned that his own outlook on life was better than this uncle's.

And here was Tolliver, asking help from the very man who had prosecuted him. "If it was your uncle," said Amsden, "I'd never give him another chance. But you're a young fellow, Tolliver, and this is a young country, where men will let bygones be bygones. Now I'm going to give you a terribly tough job, a job that older men than you have failed at. If you come through, you'll have made your first big step in gaining the respect of the community. If you don't come through, people will think of you as an ex-convict, a man who can't ever be trusted again. And, once you let them think of you as that sort of man, you may just as well be dead. Then there's a third side of this job: I'm going to send you into bad country, and something may go wrong—something that we don't know anything about. Tolliver, you may not get through this alive. Supposing a big blizzard should come up, like it came up on O'Hara and his men last year. You weren't here when we brought their bodies in here, almost cakes of human ice? Just as well, Tolliver, just as well. What about it, now? Will you take the job I'm going to offer you?"

Tolliver thrust out his huge fist, and grabbed Amsden's powerful one. "Shake!" he muttered. "You make me feel as if I was starting in all over again. For a man like me, that's a great feeling."

"You've got a lot more at stake," said Amsden, wringing his hand, "than just the responsibility of delivering Christmas supplies to three hundred families north of here."

Winter had closed in on the great Yukon, and the next day Amsden showed Dan Tolliver the big new Kotlik "caterpillar" which took the company's supplies across the snows into Otter, Innok and the Iditarod camps.

"Dan," said Amsden, "I'm going to send along with you on the tractor Frost and MacWilliams—two new men who won't know about you. And when it comes to that, I don't know much about them myself. I'm putting you in charge."

AT noon the powerful gasoline tractor got under way. Attached to the cab were nine trucks piled with provisions—oils, hay, jars of precious quicksilver for the gold mines, and Christmas packages of all shapes and sizes. Nearly the only presents these people received all the year were in the care of Dan Tolliver, just out of jail for stealing!

For three days the caterpillar tugged heroically through four feet of snow, with the plow at the head of the engine writhing into the drift, burrowing a trail for itself, and hurling upward a white mantle.

Tolliver had time to think of what Amsden had said to him. This was the big chance to redeem his past. Amsden had been a prince to offer it to him. The rest depended on no

one but himself. The thought made him happy.

For those first three days, Frost and MacWilliams seemed congenial enough. On the fourth day, however, he caught them talking low and secretively together. Later in the afternoon, he caught them tinkering with the supplies for no good reason.

Was this to be his first testing?

When night came, while taking his turn driving the huge tractor across the snow in the glare of the powerful acetylene searchlight, Tolliver heard the dreadful, far away

This had its due effect upon the other two. Suddenly after a whispered conversation, they shouldered each a bag of supplies, and started across the snows to Anemuk, probably to join some pals in the mines. They left without saying another word to Dan Tolliver, except to curse him continuously under their breath, and at the very end, to shout back, with much coarse laughter: "Merry Christmas!"

Tolliver suddenly realized that he was deserted and that a great responsibility had been thrust on him—greater even than



Now it was life or death for fair, depending on his next move. Tolliver opened the right door and thrust out his arm, waving it wildly

hunting song of wolves. Here in summer grass grew long and velvety and luscious green, and rich fields of poppies and saxifrage; now in the long winter the region was ghastly gray with snow, the scene an endless conflict of storms and glaciers, spectral in the starlight.

"*Lekor rauhel!*" greeted a band of Indians at sunrise, looking out of their skin tupiks and pointing westward, meaning "Have the wolves molested you?"

When Frost relieved Tolliver at seven o'clock, Dan told him of the nearness of the roving packs.

"Look here," growled Frost in reply, ignoring the warning, "we know about you, young feller. And my pard and me, we're not the sort of gents that are used to associating with jailbirds like you. Now git!" He fingered his rifle menacingly.

Dan looked at the man narrowly and decided to take a long chance. "So that's it!" he said. "I know you, Frost. If I'm not mistaken, you've not been so long out of jail yourself. I thought I recognized you and Mac, here, when first you linked up with me."

It was a long chance. Dan knew nothing whatsoever about the past records of these two, except that they both had the conspicuous habit of talking from the corner of their mouths—a trick not unusual among men who have served long sentences in prison. But the shot went home. They muttered together for a moment.

"Supposin' we was to borrow these here supplies, and divide 'em up among some friends of mine?" said Frost.

In the excitement of the moment, it never occurred to Dan that here was the first crucial decision that had come to him. He did not hesitate. He saw that Frost and MacWilliams had taken possession of two of the rifles, and that strategy was necessary, rather than force. "Well, boys," he said, "what you say don't interest me. But let me remind you I told the boss before I left that I knew you both had been in jail recently, and he said, 'If they do anything to those Christmas supplies, I reckon they'll get lynched before we can lay hands on 'em.'"

Amsden could have expected. He shortly discovered that two jars of the valuable quicksilver were missing, but, what was more serious, Frost and MacWilliams had rifled the ammunition locker of all cartridges. He made the discovery after the deserters had passed out of sight. Last night he had foolishly ejected every shell from his own gun.

IT was not a comfortable position that Dan Tolliver found himself in. "I've got to get through to Otter!" he told himself. Eleven miles! Suddenly as if to combat his hope, a blizzard sprang up, driving a fairy robe of white full against the throbbing tractor.

Hour after hour Dan drove the great squat panting caterpillar through the deep snow along the trail that skirted the base of the hills. At three o'clock the flat nose struck a heavy wall of snow. Dan stopped the engine and climbed out of the cab.

There ahead through the blinding whirl he saw a great snowslide blocking the trail. To the east were the white hills. To the west was a dangerous ravine—and wolves! It was impossible to cross the high barrier. Dan decided to uncouple the cab and batter a passageway through the drift. Otter lay just three miles beyond the slide.

Reversing the engine, he backed away a hundred yards from the barrier, then unfastened the coupling, mounted the cab, and sent the tractor ahead at a swaying, roaring gait. He left the trucks behind in the snow.

With a terrific concussion the cab bucked the drift; the plow bored into the soft wall with snortings and staccato grunts, withdrew to gain momentum, and settled down to a long battering siege.

At five o'clock, when the arctic night was swiftly shutting down, the cab had opened a two hundred foot channel. With a final gigantic impact Tolliver sent the tractor through. The barrier was conquered! Dan heaved a sigh of relief. He had played the game hard and straight. He had outwitted a pair of potential thieves. Now all he had to do was to recouple the trucks, and drive the last few miles to safety.

AT that moment he was dumfounded to hear the close cry of wolves above the engine's whirr. He leaned out of the cab window, and saw, sitting around the trucks, a gray pack of at least a dozen gaunt gray-maned, famished wolves. In the purlieus across the ravine, on the edge of a spruce forest, other gray moving forms appeared, slinking nearer and nearer.

As the cab bumped the first truck, the wolves slunk back snarling, and baring their teeth.

Tolliver's problem was how to couple the cabs to the truck. The only way was to climb out into the snow and make the connection. To do that now meant instant death.

The pack regarded the tractor with curiosity. One lean old she-wolf, the leader of the pack, sneaked up to within six yards of the cab, crouched upon her haunches, and glared up at Tolliver. Three others, emboldened by their leader's bravery, crept imperceptibly closer. Tolliver suddenly started the engine. The racket of the engine startled the gray devils of the snow, but only for a moment. They slunk back closer to the tractor than before.

By now the snowfall had ceased, but night was closing down swiftly, as ever closer crept the pack. The wolves howled continuously, beginning with a note like the hoot of a horned owl and ending with their full rallying cry. Tolliver decided that it must have been the smell of the oil that had attracted them. He shivered. Here was his big job—the chance that Amsden had spoken of. But Amsden never knew that anything like this would happen. Death was one thing. Death administered by a pack of hungry wolves was another.

The cab was inclosed by a low door on each side, with a square glass window in the upper half of each door. In addition there was a wider glass window in front. Suddenly the cab quivered as a heavy body struck it; there was a shattering of glass, a yelping cry, and the lean-flanked old she-wolf, painfully slashed by the broken window, dropped back into the snow. She had broken the window on the right. Dan seized a crowbar and jammed it across the window to shut out the others.

"If I could only couple the cab to the trucks and move on!" thought Tolliver.

Just then with terrible ferocity the wolves leaped up and smashed in the left window. A wolf hovered on the windowsill, struggling to get in. Grasping frantically for a weapon, his hand touched the tool-kit under the gasoline drum. Crouching down he opened it, seized a ten-inch chisel and, rising, drove it into the neck of the snarling wolf. The beast whirled and writhed upon itself to get at Tolliver's throat, but the stroke had gone true, and Tolliver thrust again as the gray shape tumbled backwards through the broken window.

While the pack was fighting over the dying wolf, with sickening snarls and yelps and crunchings, Tolliver fastened a heavy pipe-wrench across the left window. At the same instant another gray form struck the right window, and dislodged the crowbar. Its fangs slashed through his glove, and he felt a burning of torn flesh in his hand.

"Well," he thought, "maybe I'd better be movin' on to Otter, and leave those bloomin' trucks here."

Then he was ashamed that he had let such a thought enter his mind. Little he knew that in his circumstances no ordinary man would have thought twice about leaving the trucks behind. But Tolliver had a lot at stake. If he came into Otter without the trucks, he would be, in his own mind, anyway, a good-for-nothing jailbird, who had put his own life ahead of his duty to Amsden and the company. No, Tolliver preferred to face the snarling of the wolves to those covert, sly sneering glances that men would give him if they came to know him as the jailbird who had failed to come back.

SUDDENLY inspiration came to him. Opening the front window very cautiously, he unscrewed the acetylene light and jerked it inside. He lighted it, and it flared up with piercing brilliancy. At that moment, the infuriated old she-wolf attacked again, fighting to get through the

window. Tolliver thrust the light against her muzzle. The vivid glare blinded her. She dropped back into the snow.

Now it was life or death for fair, depending on his next move. Tolliver opened the right door, thrust out his arm, waving it wildly, directing the white stream of light into the eyes of the crouching wolves, and shouted with unearthly cries. The effect was magical. A dozen skulking forms turned tail and darted into the ravine.

Tolliver's moment had come. He jumped out and placed the light in the snow. It

glared across the waste like an enormous white eye. With fingers clumsy with nervousness, he fumbled at the iron coupling, dropped the pin into place somehow, and locked the connection. The cab was joined to the trucks!

Whirling, Tolliver grabbed the searchlight, and sprang for the cab. And none too soon. A pair of wolves had stolen already back to the shadow of the trucks. One of them slashed at his boot with her fangs. Tolliver grasped at the doorpost, kicked back with all his strength against the press-

ing wolf. Stumbling forward into the cab, he hurled the door shut behind him.

At once he set the tractor in motion and forged ahead through the channel he had made in the snowslide. The pack followed howling, but no longer attempted to enter it. The swaying, lurching motion, combined with the deep, uncanny thumping of the engine, seemed sufficient to keep them away.

At sunrise, Christmas morning, Tolliver safely entered Otter. The people there, seeing a young man bringing a heavy load in alone,

and with glass smashed on every window of the tractor's cab, wondered. And when Tolliver told them what had happened, they wondered still more, and rejoiced.

The company agent at Otter, who recognized Tolliver, and knew of his case, said: "Say, young man, that was a pretty big thing you done, just to bring us folks our Christmas presents."

His look was all admiration.

Tolliver grinned. "Don't you believe it," he said. "The feller I was bringin' a Christmas present to was myself!"

ONE of the pleasantest memories of our young days at the Old Squire's in Maine is of the times when we used to go up in the great woods, to "play squirrel" and gather a store of nuts for winter. Generally it would be on some Indian summer day of October, or early November, just before snow came.

Maine, be it said, is by no means a great nut country. In this respect it can hardly compare with the states of the South and Middle West; but often there are beechnuts in plenty, live-oak acorns (which are not half bad), also now and again a tree of pretty good red-oak acorns, which we called "sweets," although the most of the red-oak acorns are unpalatably bitter. Then, too, up in the woods at a former clearing, known as the old slave's farm, and along the upper course of Lurvey's Stream there grew a large kind of hazel nuts, the size of filberts, much like those found in Madawaska on the St. John River. When cured in a dry place these were very nice for winter cracking. Sometimes we got several bushels of them, when the other squirrels—the red and gray species, and the chipmunks—were not too numerous.

Like these other squirrels, too, we each had a hoard. Only we did not call our stores of nuts hoards. Hoard was a word applied solely to a concealed preserve of early eating apples, out in the orchard, garden, or somewhere about the place. But a store of nuts was a "hollow tree." Apple hoards came in August and September, but "hollow trees" in October, November and through the winter. I suppose we got that name from the squirrels. "Hollow tree," however, stood merely for some private place of concealment, up garret, out in the wood-house, or at the barn. For several winters each of us had his, or her, own hollow tree; and if the others were caught peeping or spying about it, much less helping themselves to the nuts; there was loud trouble and cries of, "Robber! Robber! He's been to my 'hollow tree'!"

On the whole, beechnuts were the most prized of our Maine nuts. Beech nuts, however, is a peculiar crop. Nearly every year there are a few beechnuts. Once in three years there are more. Once in five more still; but it is not much oftener than seven years that there is a great crop—a veritable "beechnut year." Yet there is not much certainty in looking ahead and counting on any particular year as a beechnut year. There are skips. It may come, or may not; a beechnut year, however, is pretty sure to come in about that time. The squirrels and chipmunks appear to vary, in numbers, in about the same way, with their natural food.

The third year after we young folks went home to live at the Old Farm was "a beechnut year," but there did not come another great crop till seven or eight years later—about the time we were getting away from the old place to school, or college, and starting in life for ourselves.

That first "beechnut year" was indeed a revelation to my then young mind as to the resources of nature and the beech tree in particular.

ABOUT a mile to the northeast of the Old Squire's farm there was a long slope of forest. Save for a few scattered hemlocks, the entire growth consisted of large old beech

Addison's Beechnut-Sheller

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL



When it was drawn back with a rope and let swing forward, a tremendous blow could be dealt the beech tree

trees, a tract of several hundred acres in extent. Beech leaves fall early in October; and the season to which I refer—the great beechnut year—the little sweet three-sided nuts lay on the ground, under the dead leaves, in well-nigh incredible quantities. We had only to scrape away the dry leaves with our hands to find them; and how dark brown and rich they looked! So plentiful were they that they almost touched together: a carpet of nuts under the carpet of leaves. In many places they were so thick that one could fill a pint dipper from a plat of ground a yard square.

All the while, too, other nuts were dropping from the tree tops like rain, whenever a breath of wind stirred the branches; and in the vast prickle of burs overhead were bushels more, not yet fallen, that clung in the bur till after snow came and snow-crust formed in December. There were bushels of them, spread over acres on acres of forest.

My cousin Addison, who had a better head for figures than I, was several times impelled to compute the bushels of beechnuts that lay on that forest slope. If I remember aright, he figured it up something like this: If, as we several times verified by measurement, a pint of beechnuts fell on every nine square feet of surface, then, approximately, fifteen quarts fell on every square rod, or about two thousand four hundred quarts on an acre. Reckoning the tract of beech growth there to contain three hundred acres (a low estimate) and throwing off one third of the surface for hemlock and thin spots of the beech growth, he obtained the prodigious crop of four hundred and eighty thousand quarts, or fifteen thousand bushels, of beech mast on that one forest slope. This, of course, may have been somewhat in excess of the actual quantity, yet it must have been somewhere in the vicinity of these figures. And when we consider that

this beech slope was merely one of hundreds of similar or even greater extent in the thousands of square miles of forest to northward, some idea is gained of the well-nigh infinite amount of rich, sweet nut food that goes back into the soil every "beechnut year," since labor as they might, and did, the squirrel population of the woods were never able to harvest and hoard a twentieth of that enormous out-pouring of nature's wealth. For the most part it simply rotted on the ground, as it fell, under the carpet of dead leaves, sodden by the autumn rains. Yet it is a most nutritious little kernel. The flesh of the squirrels, partridges or turkeys that feed on it becomes remarkably sweet and relishable. Beyond doubt it might answer as a standard article of food in the homes of mankind, far better than so much animal food, if only the little nuts could be shelled as readily as they can be gathered.

Ay, but there's the rub. Shelling beechnuts is a slow and rather painful business. It would take three persons all day long and fast work to shell half a bushel of beechnuts. Moreover, their fingers would be sore and their nails worn short, by night. But if a machine could be invented to shell them rapidly, all this vast output of rich, palatable food could be utilized and put on the market of the world—so Addison thought—at two dollars per bushel of shelled nut kernels, and find a ready market.

And that was the problem on which he worked at odd moments for two or three weeks, namely to invent a beechnut-sheller that would shell a bushel an hour, and winnow them, and get them all ready for putting up in quart boxes. He thought he saw a fortune ahead in such a machine, for the next beechnut year. Half a million quarts of nicely shelled beechnuts, sold at ten cents a box, with no outlay save the gathering and shelling, looked tremendously profitable. "And only think," Addison used to say,

Afterward Addison improved on the "bunter" and made a battering-ram, resembling, in a small way, the battering-rams we read of in ancient history, used to batter down the walls of besieged cities. Addison's battering-ram consisted of a longer, heavier log, held midway its length by a chain in a kind of tripod of poles. When it was drawn back with a rope and let swing forward, a tremendous blow could be dealt the beech tree, which shook every branch and twig of the top. Often when the nuts were ripe and ready to fall a perfect hail storm of them would follow the first stroke. By having the ground under the tree fully covered with some light, inexpensive stuff, like cheese cloth, or mosquito netting, nearly all the nuts on a tree can be gathered in a few minutes. Moreover, it is great fun.

It was never the gathering of the nuts, however, but the shelling that presented difficulties in Addison's scheme of wealth! The obstacle, so far as profit went, was to get them shelled; and it was to the problem of inventing a machine for shelling beechnuts rapidly that Addison had set his wit to work. His first crude idea was that something like two millstones—of oak plank instead of burrstone—having iron teeth, set in concentric rows, might be employed. He thought these might be revolved in opposite directions with the teeth inter-matching, but not quite touching each other; and he supposed the nuts would be caught between the teeth and the shells cracked. Lower down in the machine he arranged two sets of smooth rollers which revolved within about a quarter of an inch of each other. The already cracked nuts slid down between these rollers, by the action of which he hoped to roll and brush the shells off the kernels. Lower down still was a blower and sieve, for separating and removing the shells from the kernels of the nuts, all operated by the same crank and fly-wheel which actuated the rest of the machine.

The device did not work very well; at

"that's all going to waste, just for lack of a little inventive skill to save it."

WE had devised a way to gather beechnuts rapidly that first beechnut year, for it is also a slow business to scrape away the dry leaves and pick up such small nuts, one by one. It would take a long time to gather half a million quarts of beechnuts with one's fingers! But there are better methods which almost any bright boy would think of before he had worked long picking up nuts. Six of us gathered nearly thirty bushels on two afternoons that fall by making use of ten bed sheets, basted together, to form one large cover, to be spread on the ground under the trees, and then shaking the trees with what we at first called a "bunter" and afterwards a battering-ram.

If three or four boys take up a log, twelve or fifteen feet long by, perhaps, seven inches in diameter, and standing back ten feet, let us say, run forward and strike the beech tree with it, head on, a heavy blow can be dealt. In this way mobs use a log to batter down jail doors. The time for using a "bunter" is after a night of frost, when the nuts are ready to fall from the opening burs. Showers of them can then be brought down by giving the beech trunks a quick, jarring shock.

least, not well enough to be really practical. A beechnut kernel is rather tender; that is to say, brittle and friable. A great many of them were broken in passing betwixt the teeth of the "mill." Many others were crushed on going between the rollers; and finally, in spite of the sieve and blower, many bits of shell remained with the kernels, fully half of which were more or less mutilated or marred. In short, the product of the machine when in the box at the lower end resembled coarse meal with bits of shell in it, rather than nicely shelled beechnuts.

He had thoughts next, if I recollect right, of wearing off the shells quite rapidly by putting several bushels of nuts at a time inside a hollow cylinder, fifteen feet long, partly filled with little pebbles about the size of beans, and revolved by water power. For it had come under his observation how quickly objects can be worn down and polished by such a device. But this worked no better than the other, for as soon as the shells were worn off, or worn thin, the stones ground the kernels to bits.

FROM first to last, however, the main difficulty lay in the peculiar shape of the beechnut; and, recognizing the fact that the nut is heavier at one end than the other, our young inventor attempted to filter the nuts, large end foremost, into a device for cracking the shells, by making use of centrifugal motion on a circular disc, or table, revolved rapidly at the front end of the machine. But here again the bothersome three-sidedness of the beechnut prevented proper centrifugalizing. Yet a red squirrel, sitting on a tree branch, can run his teeth around a beechnut and free it from the shell in four seconds. Addison watched the squirrels and had hopes for a time of a circular tooth gear, rotated in a similar way, but found that to run an apparatus of that sort a squirrel's little brain was needed to guide it.

And speaking of squirrels, Halstead, or else it was Theodora, suggested, as a joke, that Addison catch or breed a thousand chipmunks and turn them loose on his store of nuts, in an inclosed place, providing each

of them with a large box, as a den, for laying up its winter store. A chipmunk, as is well known, will lay up and shell a bushel of beechnuts, when nuts are plenty. A few weeks later, when the little fellows had finished their labors, Addison could make a tax-collector's call on each box and take possession of the store. It was supposed the chipmunk would then begin again and lay up another bushel, all shelled. Ellen, I remember, made the comment that for her part she would not care to eat beechnuts shelled in a squirrel's mouth; but Halstead replied that, of course, the kernels could be well washed and dried before being put up in boxes for sale.

Addison, however, did not find such humorous suggestions in the least amusing. He listened with an absent air and a troubled eye. In fact, the longer he studied the problem of a perfect beechnut-sheller the more baffling it grew. Two little wrinkles began to pucker his brow between his eyes; he looked distraught nearly all the time and failed to answer, now and then, when spoken to. Grandmother had fears for his mind. She talked with the Old Squire about it. "Joseph, I'm afraid that boy will come to be like your poor brother Ansel," she said; for that "poor brother Ansel"—our great uncle—was a sore spot in the family history.

About the time he was nineteen years old there was a great deal said and written concerning "perpetual motion," which was then believed to be a possible discovery. If a machine could be invented which would "go of itself," without expenditure for motive power, it would beyond doubt be the greatest discovery the world has yet seen. Such a machine, on the earth's surface, is now known to be a scientific impossibility. There is but one "perpetual motion" machine and that is the universe itself.

But when the Old Squire and his brothers were boys a craze for discovering perpetual motion was abroad in our then young republic. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of obscure inventors were pondering it, attempting to devise some ingenious combination of wheels and counterwheels that would go and keep

going of its own accord. Our then young Great-uncle Ansel caught the craze. He had some pet ideas of his own on the subject,—they all had,—and he set to work up in the farmhouse garret, to develop them. Of course, they did not work out. None ever did. But Uncle Ansel stuck to it, month after month. He was an inventive sort of youth,—Addison was not a little like him, old people said,—and he finally got together a contrivance that, when you had given it a little whirl, would go on revolving from eight to ten minutes, without stopping. It persisted in stopping, however, in about that time, despite every effort to conserve and balance the operative forces on the part of the rapt young inventor.

But meantime, though the wooden wheels stopped, he had pondered so long that he had somehow set other wheels going inside his own head that wouldn't stop! He had started perpetual motion, but not in the right spot. He couldn't get to sleep, nights, and he began muttering strange things; but what Uncle Ansel did, and something about the machine he invented, will have to be related at another time. For that old perpetual-motion machine was still up garret when we young folks of the third generation went home to live. Grandmother did not wish us ever to touch it, or go near it. But sometimes, in passing, we used to give it a whirl, and, even in our day, when it hadn't been oiled for fifty years, it would go eight minutes without stopping.

When Addison's demeanor began to resemble Uncle Ansel's, grandmother was alarmed; and even the easy-going Old Squire was disturbed. He took thought and a day or two afterward started Addison off to Portland, ostensibly to look after the loading of a cargo of shoo on a schooner for Havana; for at this time the Old Squire was engaged in getting out cargoes of red-oak shoo, for molasses hogheads, to be shipped to the sugar plantations of Cuba.

ADDISON was gone a fortnight. When he came back, about the middle of November, the winter school, under Master Joel

Pierson, had begun. Addison had to make haste, to catch up in his school studies; and he did not get opportunity to think much about his beechnut-sheller for ten or twelve weeks. By that time his mind had rested; he saw the whole problem in a clearer light and came to the conclusion that he had never been on the right track. He still thought that a machine might be invented, to do it, but perceived now that it would have to be a complicated one, involving a more skilled knowledge of mechanics than he possessed and better facilities for making the gear than we had at the old farm. So he gave it up, for the time, promising himself to work it out later in life; for Addison still thought, and does to this day, that there is a fortune awaiting some one in the great periodical crops of beechnuts of New England.

So far as the writer is aware, however, no one has yet invented a machine for shelling beechnuts that works with sufficient accuracy to make it worth while to use. No doubt it can be done; and some reader of *The Companion* may yet invent one. There are no mechanical impossibilities—except "perpetual motion."

It is a curious fact, and an encouraging one, that study such as Addison bestowed on his beechnut-sheller is never really lost to the student, even when he fails to invent what he hoped for. Looking over his contrivances a year or so later, Addison saw his way to use the revolving discs with interlocking teeth for another purpose, in a different kind of machine—one we sometimes made jokes about, in after years.

That singular genius of the fantastic who gave us "Alice in Wonderland" also wrote a story in verse, called "The Hunting of the Snark." The Snark, after a long chase, turned out to be a Boojum! In somewhat similar way Addison's beechnut-sheller, on which he lavished so much brain fag, turned out a corn-sheller. As such it was a success and shelled corn fast and furiously. He and the Old Squire took out a patent on it which they finally sold to a manufacturer of agricultural implements for quite a handsome sum.

UPON three hundred and sixty-five days in the year Miss Mary Britton gave; upon one day Miss Mary received. That day was the day before Christmas.

Miss Mary did not receive, however, from the same persons to whom she gave. Miss Mary gave to all the village, a lift here in sickness, a little present of money there in case of need. To Sally Young went a new bonnet, to old Carrie Burrage a warm shawl, to the preacher and his large family unnumbered articles. Miss Mary took old Carrie Burrage, tiresome, ungrateful, self-centered, into her house for a month; she took the Arundel baby for three.

None of these persons remembered Miss Mary at Christmas. The village was poor; it considered Miss Mary rich; it expected her to be generous. Miss Mary's present came from far away New York; it was the most treasured gift received in the state of Ohio. Years ago, when the Britton fortune was large, when kinsfolk were numerous, when the broad doors of this Britton house stood open to relatives removed to the fourth degree, a young cousin had spent a happy summer under its roof. He had been ill; here, in the country, ministered to with unfailing kindness, he had fully recovered.

Since then, he had never failed to remember his hosts at Christmas time. He had never come again; he grew to be a famous man with whom it was an honor to be connected, but he was never too busy to remember the tastes of his cousins. Miss Mary's father had had his magazine, her mother a bit of lace, Miss Mary's brother a riding whip, Miss Mary herself a book. After the father died, two gifts came to Miss Mary's mother; when all had gone but the lonely daughter, her gift was

The Day of Days

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by DUDLEY SUMMERS



The box came usually on the last train Christmas Eve

quadrupled. Of late years, the gift had increased—instead of four books, Miss Mary received twenty.

"You have now more time for reading," wrote the cousin. "If my taste in books does not please you, you must tell me. It will be just as easy to send you what you like as what I like."

Miss Mary had no quarrel with her cousin's taste. If he had sent her a Greek dictionary, she would have treasured it. But he sent her the books she loved, novels, essays, poetry. With them came always a letter with reminders of that happy summer, and expressions of affection.

The box came usually on the last train on Christmas Eve. It was sometimes earlier, but it had never yet been late. Miss Mary always opened the box herself, with many failures of hammer and screwdriver to do proper execution, with excited examination of bindings, to see that no harm had come to them on their long journey, with pauses and exclamations while titles and frontispieces were examined. Miss Mary had this year a new bookcase for which she had been a long time saving the extra pennies that remained after baker's and butcher's bills were paid and the repairs made on the homestead and the outfit for the Arundel baby purchased. The bookcase was already half filled with the overflow from Miss Mary's other bookcases.

MISS MARY woke on the morning of the day before Christmas with flushed cheeks and an accelerated pulse. This condition was no warning of approaching illness, it indicated only Miss Mary's usual condition of excitement on this day. For three months past, the Arundel baby in the next room had awakened her drowsy hostess at the crack of dawn, but this morning Miss Mary

was dressed before the Arundel baby had opened her brown eyes. Miss Mary's excitement, however, was not entirely that of joyful anticipation; it was partly alarm. Each year, she prepared herself for disappointment, for the coming of the evening train without any precious freight for her. The cousin was old, ten years older than Miss Mary; he could not live to send her gifts on every Christmas, and when he died, when his box failed to come, she would be alone in the world, without kin, without interests beyond the sleepy village, with nothing to look forward to all her life long.

"I must be prepared for it," Miss Mary often said to herself.

But she never succeeded in preparing herself. When she woke, she sprang from bed as she used to spring in her childhood.

"I am like the children who call out 'Christmas gift' and pound at the door," said Miss Mary, amused at herself.

It was about nine o'clock when the Arundel baby's aunt came for her. She was to have come at eight; she was, indeed, to have come yesterday and last week, and, indeed, last month. But the Arundel baby belonged to a weak and shiftless family.

She was much inconvenienced by the delay of the baby's aunt. To the day before Christmas Miss Mary postponed various duties, her intention being to keep the hours as full as possible so that the time might not drag until the evening train.

The house was yet to be put in order, the wreaths must be hung in the windows, sundry baskets must be packed for distribution in the morning and sundry presents be wrapped for the butcher's boy and the baker's man and for James Vanderslice, the expressman. To the baker's man Miss Mary gave a tie, to the butcher's boy a pair of suspenders, alternating the gifts with the years, but to James Vanderslice, eagerly watched for at twilight, she gave both, and a little present of money besides.

The Arundel baby's aunt not only came an hour late, but she stayed for an hour talking about nothing.

The aunt began presently to gossip, and Miss Mary moved uneasily in her chair. She did not like gossip or persons who repeated it. Fortunately, the baker's horn interrupted with its loud demand, and Miss Mary asked to be excused. When she returned, she brought with her the baby's hat and coat. Miss Mary was able to dismiss unpleasant persons without their being aware of it. She wrapped the baby up herself and tucked her into the carriage she had bought and kissed her good-by.

"She has been a good girl," she said. "You must bring her to see me every week. When she is a little older, I will begin to teach her to read and afterwards to sew patchwork. That is the way I was brought up."

Miss Mary remained standing, and the baby's aunt had perforce to remain standing too.

"A child is a great care," said she, as she raised the corner of her apron to her pale eyes.

"Not if she's managed with system," answered Miss Mary in her curt way. "This baby's been very little care to me; she need be very little to you if you're systematic."

"I'm sure I'll try," said the baby's aunt, as she wiped away more tears.

Then the baby carriage was trundled down the street. Miss Mary suffered a slight pang as she saw how cheerfully the baby went, how willing she was to associate with unattractive incompetence, and a sharper pang as she beheld the bump with which the coach took the first crossing; then she went indoors. This was her day, the happiest day of all the year; she could think no more of the Arundel baby.

Miss Mary went first of all to put the baby's room in order. She took down the white crib and carried the pieces, one by one, into the attic. Except the bed, nothing belonging to the baby remained, since all had been sent earlier in the day to the house of the aunt. Then, with capable strokes of her strong arms, she swept the room. She had not been brought up to work of this kind, but when change of fortune made it necessary she was quick to teach herself. This morning, the swift moving back and forth of the broom gave her pleasure.

When the baby's room was finished, Miss Mary went to look at the clock. She was surprised to see that it was only half past ten. She was conscious of a jumping feeling in her heart, and she looked out the window as if to ease it. She saw nothing but the familiar houses with their familiar dooryards. It was Miss Mary's custom to look often out of the window on the day before Christmas.

Now, sternly, as usual she began to prepare herself for disappointment.

"Nothing is more probable than that it will not come," said Miss Mary.

At eleven o'clock, having wrapped her packages and packed her baskets, she looked at the clock again, expecting the hand to stand at twelve. Thereupon she determined that she would look no more. Her simple lunch was usually eaten at one; she decided to have it earlier, in order to have a long afternoon for what she wished to do. In her heart of hearts she knew that the chief of her occupations would be waiting.

Miss Mary washed her dishes slowly, then she brushed up the kitchen, which needed no brushing. She wished now that she was only beginning her lunch instead of finishing it.

Again Miss Mary went to the window and looked out. The street was still empty, and at sight of it Miss Mary shivered.

"I must not expect anything," she said sternly.

By half past one she had tied up those of her Christmas packages which remained and had hung the holly wreaths in the front windows. Then she cried out "O dear!" and went to the door. She had not been mistaken: drops of water were falling, the sky was thickly overclouded, the wind was east. Already it sighed mournfully round the corner of the house.

"A rainy Christmas Eve!" cried Miss Mary tragically. "A rainy Christmas Day!"

"I am a goose," she announced aloud to her quiet house. "I could even buy a few books for myself and make shift to subscribe to a few magazines if the box does not come. But"—here Miss Mary covered her face with her hands—"it will mean that I am alone in the world!"

At half past four Miss Mary began to prepare supper, though she usually ate at six. She no longer made excuses to herself; she did not pretend that she was having supper early so as to make the evening long; she sought only to fill the next minute and the next; she was reckless about the later hours.

The evening train came in at six. It was only a country way train with a short run, and it was on time, even on Christmas Eve. With a great jump of her heart, Miss Mary heard its familiar whistle. Allowing for all James Vanderslice's slowness, he should reach her house in fifteen minutes. It was probable that hers would be the only package he would have to deliver.

Moving with a slow step, she descended to the cellar and put coal on the furnace fire. Temptingly, mockingly, the hammer and screwdriver seemed to thrust themselves to the top of the tool box on the table which she had to pass. Miss Mary did not touch them. She played the part of expecting nothing.

When Miss Mary came up from the cellar, the hands of the clock pointed to twenty minutes after six. She grew red, then pale. Then she opened the door and stood with the rain beating against her. The street was dark and quiet.

utterly desolate and forlorn. Christmas is a dreadful time when you grow old. But I have been trying to prepare myself for years! I do not know what is the matter with me."

The ticking of the clock seemed to fill the quiet house. Miss Mary grew more and more nervous. Again she sprang from bed.

"If I have some exercise, perhaps I shall sleep!"

But exercise did not bring sleep. Miss Mary went into her father's room and her brother's room, and into her mother's room, which had lately been the Arundel baby's, and tears ran down her cheeks. It was not a journey from which she need have expected much repose of spirit.

"If they could only come back!" she cried. "If things could only be as they used to be on Christmas! If I were only not alone in the world!"

THEN Miss Mary did an extraordinary thing. She was standing in her mother's room, where the Arundel baby's bed had stood. In this room her childish difficulties had been adjusted, her childish troubles soothed. She lifted her head as if she heard a voice speaking to her, and then she laughed almost hysterically.

"I will have a merry Christmas," she cried suddenly.

At once, hurrying back to her bedroom, she began to dress feverishly, hastily, with fingers that trembled over hooks and buttons. Still she talked to herself. She seemed to be saying over and over that she would get herself a Christmas gift. When she was dressed, she hurried down the steps at perilous speed and went into the cellar and put the draught on the furnace. Apparently grief had crazed her.

Still Miss Mary's strange course was not at an end. She put on her shawl and bonnet and opened the door and went out, forgetting to turn the key, and hurried down the street in the rain without an umbrella. Following straight the course that the Arundel baby's aunt had taken, she knocked at a mean little door. Within was a light and the sound of voices. In answer to a loud "Come in!" Miss Mary opened the door and entered.

The Arundel baby's aunt, however lugubrious and tearful she might be in the presence of Miss Mary, had other moments when she allowed herself to be merry and comfortable. She was now surrounded by her friends,—Miss Mary recognized each one of the doubtful guests,—refreshments were being passed, hilarity was at its height. The Arundel baby—Miss Mary saw her at the same instant that she beheld the hands of the clock pointing to midnight—lay asleep in her carriage in the corner. She had not been undressed; her cheeks were flushed as if a slight fever might have added a stain of red to cheeks already red from crying.

Miss Mary said not a word in reproof; she lifted the baby from the carriage and took her under her shawl and bade the baby's aunt come to see her on the morrow and stalked out. Neither the baby's aunt nor her guests made reply. They all had been at some time Miss Mary's pensioners; it was more than probable that they would need her help again.

Miss Mary walked with rapid steps back to her house. The clouds had parted, the dashes of rain were fitful, the wind had veered to the north; but she was not aware of the change. In the dark corner of her porch stood a wooden box, and pinned to it was a scrap of paper on which James Vanderslice explained that he would tell her tomorrow why he had been so late in delivering her parcel. Miss Mary saw neither box nor paper; she would not see them until morning.

In the kitchen the fire was glowing, and Miss Mary sat down before it, bonneted and shawled, with the Arundel baby in her arms. She was trembling, her breath came in gasps. Presently she opened the shawl and looked down. The Arundel baby was still sleeping, with her mouth pursed up in her funny fashion, and her damp hair curled tightly over her head. Miss Mary regarded her solemnly, even with awe, as if she beheld some unaccountable object. Then she heaved a long and happy sigh, and her tears began to fall. She remembered that Christmas Day had come; she thought with tender heart of that other Baby, whom she had for a little while forgotten; she prayed that He would help her make the Arundel baby a good girl.

"I shall have something to think of! I shall have some one that is mine! This," said good Miss Mary with trembling lips, "this was what was the matter with me!"



Miss Mary walked with rapid steps back to her house. The clouds had parted. The dashes of rain were fitful

At two o'clock, she began to give her sitting-room an unnecessary dusting; at half past, she sat down at the window with some sewing; at three, she went to the door again, as if pulled by a rope. When she saw the expressman coming down the street, she clutched the side of the door. But the expressman stopped at the corner house and then turned the head of his old white horse back toward the station.

At half past three, Miss Mary took up some crocheting. The Arundel baby would need new petticoats in the spring, and Miss Mary realized that new petticoats, and the lace for them, if any were had, would have to come from her. But the thread clung to her fingers, the needle slipped from her hand.

"It's the rheumatism," she said to herself, grimly. "Old age is here."

At four o'clock Miss Mary took a book, and in three minutes laid it down. It was one of Cousin John's books.

"He must come," whispered Miss Mary.

But the expressman did not come. When Miss Mary went indoors, it was half past six. Until seven she walked up and down her sitting-room. Then her lips tightened.

"I am going to bed," she said aloud.

Miss Mary fixed her fires for the night; she set out the milk pail on the shelf on the back porch; she wound the clock and took her lamp and climbed the stairway and undressed and lay down in her bed. Then, metaphorically and actually, she turned her face to the wall.

But at eight o'clock she was still awake. At half past eight she sprang from bed, thinking she heard a rap at the door; at nine she lighted her lamp and looked at the clock. All within and without the house was as silent as midnight. Then poor Miss Mary yielded herself to despair.

"I do not know what is the matter with me. This had to happen sometime! But I am

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 7

HOWEVER heavy the responsibilities that weighed down the mind of Abraham Lincoln, the three Lincoln boys had a merry time on the road to Washington. They left Springfield on a Monday morning in February on a special train, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and the boys and the two secretaries, John G. Nicolay and his gay, red-headed young assistant, John Hay. Colonel Elmer Ellsworth was there, the commander of the Zouaves, a military organization largely made up of firemen. The Lincoln boys thought Elmer and his company of soldiers in their red coats and baggy-kneed trousers could put down the rebellion alone, if there was to be a rebellion. Some people said there would be one, but the Lincoln boys did not think so. There was a great deal of bluster, but it seemed to them quite impossible that the cotton-growing states were going to try to go out of the union and make war on the government. Every now and then the train stopped, and everybody was anxious to see Mr. Lincoln and hear him make a speech. Sometimes Mrs. Lincoln brushed his collar and straightened his tie before he went out on the platform, and once he lifted her to where she could stand on the car seat and be as tall as he. Lincoln was a very tall man, and Mary Todd Lincoln was a very short woman. Her husband jokingly said that they were "the long and short of the Presidency."

Why Lincoln Grew Whiskers

The first night the train stopped in Indianapolis, and the next night in Columbus. Each of those two cities was a state capital. There and in Albany and Trenton and Harrisburg state legislatures were in session. Great preparations had been made for the coming of the President-elect in these five cities and also in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. The only time the boys were unhappy was at Harrisburg, where Mr. Lincoln lost the carpet bag which contained his inaugural address. He had given it to Robert to carry, and Robert had been careless. Mr. Lincoln was really cross about that. They found a bag in the baggage room, which Mr. Lincoln thought was his, and his key unlocked it; but inside they found nothing but a soiled shirt, a pack of cards and a bottle of whiskey. Mr. Lincoln laughed so heartily at this that he recovered his good nature, and after a while his own bag was found.

In a little town in western New York the train stopped, and Mr. Lincoln, as usual, made a speech. He asked whether a little girl named Grace Bedell was in the crowd. People answered that she was there, and she was passed over people's heads up to where Mr. Lincoln stood. Then he told the crowd that he had never worn a beard until within a few weeks, but he received a letter from this little girl asking whether he had a little girl of his own and saying that she had seen his picture and thought he would look better with whiskers. He wrote her, saying that he had three boys, but was very sorry to say he had no little girls. He took her advice about the whiskers and not only showed her how he looked with a beard but kissed her there before the crowd.

"Greater Men than Lincoln"

At length after several days of traveling and speech-making the train reached Washington, and the Lincoln family went to the Willard Hotel to wait till the fourth of March.

It was a great experience for the boys. All the autumn they had seen the Wide-Awakes marching in torch-light processions and singing, and had sung themselves:

"Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Down in Illinois."

Now they saw real soldiers gathering under command of General Scott, to be present at the inauguration and keep order. Some people said this was a needless precaution on the part of "old Fuss and Feathers," but others said the situation was serious and it was possible Mr. Lincoln might be shot on his way to the inauguration.

His old opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, held Lincoln's hat. Chief Justice Roger Taney, a thin, withered-looking old man, administered the oath of office, and Lincoln delivered his inaugural address.

He knew that several of the Southern states were threatening to secede, and his words were particularly addressed to those states. He pleaded with them to think calmly and carefully before they did so. He said:

"Intelligence, patriotism and Christianity

The Great Good Man

By WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D.

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln"



The Lincoln family was never photographed together. But a photo of Lincoln and little Tad proved so popular that the photographers in 1864 sketched in the other members: Mrs. Lincoln, Robert, in his uniform, and on the wall a portrait of little Eddie, who had died at Springfield

and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties."



The Gettysburg Lincoln: made in Washington on November 8, 1863. This rare full-length photograph emphasizes the dignity of Lincoln's appearance, which so many writers have underestimated

It was a cold, bleak day, and everybody was glad when the inauguration was over.

President Lincoln had to select his cabinet. He chose its principal members from his most prominent opponents. William H. Seward was his Secretary of State, Simon Cameron was Secretary of War, Gideon Welles became Secretary of the Navy,

Edward Bates was Attorney-General, and Montgomery Blair was Postmaster-General. Of these men, Seward, Chase, Cameron and Bates had been his opponents, and every one of them believed himself, and was believed by others, to be a greater man than Lincoln. It was a courageous thing for Lincoln to do, selecting ambitious men as his associates. But they were men of ability, and while they caused him no little sorrow and anxiety in the main they served the country well.

War in Earnest

Before very long, Secretary Cameron resigned, and Lincoln appointed in his place a man who had once been very unkind to Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton. Stanton was a Democrat, as also was Welles, and Stanton disliked Lincoln; but he was a man of ability and courage and was devoted to the cause of the Union.

Even before the inauguration of Lincoln, some of the Southern states had seceded. The seceded states organized a government called the "Confederate States of America." Jefferson Davis was chosen President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President. Richmond, Va., became the capital.

At first, both governments waited in hope that there might be no bloodshed. Then, on April 12, the Confederate forces in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, opened fire on Fort Sumter, the United States fortress in Charleston harbor. After thirty-four hours the fort surrendered.

President Lincoln immediately called for 75,000 volunteers on a three-month's enlistment, to put down the rebellion. The response was immediate and hearty. Very few people, North or South, expected the war to last long, but it was four long years before it was over.

The first really important battle was that at Manassas, or Bull Run. The Union army had started toward Richmond and met the Confederates in force at a stream called Bull Run. The Union soldiers were defeated and fled toward Washington, many of them not stopping until they were across the Long Bridge and within the city.

Both sides now saw that the war was far more serious than either had imagined at the beginning.

The Cheese Box on a Raft

The Confederates chose as their commander-in-chief a brave general, Robert E. Lee. The North had no one general who stood out so prominently among them as General Lee did in the South. General Scott was an old and feeble man. He was succeeded, before very long, by General George B. McClellan. McClellan was a good engineer and an able organizer but not a vigorous fighter. Lincoln suffered much by reason of McClellan's delays and his scornful attitude towards the President and others. For a long time the war in the East went mostly in favor of the South. In the West it was not wholly so. General U. S. Grant, aided by a fleet of gunboats under Commodore A. H. Foote, captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. This was early in 1862.

In the West matters were going better.

In the spring of 1862, on March 8, a Confederate ironclad which had been called the Merrimac, but whose name had been changed to the Virginia, attacked three wooden frigates of the United States in Chesapeake Bay. Two of them, the Cumberland and the Congress, were destroyed. The third, the Minnesota, ran aground. It seemed as though this terrible leviathan would sink the whole wooden navy belonging to the United States and steam up to Washington and bombard that city. The next morning, when the Merrimac started out again, she encountered a surprising-looking craft which had been called in derision "a Yankee cheese box on a raft." It was a new type of ship called the Monitor. It mounted two guns in a revolving turret.

The two iron ships fought side by side, iron rasping against iron, but the little David with its smooth stones, weighing 128 pounds each, smote the Goliath Merrimac such heavy blows that the big ironclad retreated and never fought again.

Freeing the Slaves

The army of the Potomac, of which General McClellan was commander-in-chief, had made little progress in its march toward Richmond. In the fall of 1862 General Lee crossed over into Maryland. He captured Harpers Ferry and was moving north as rapidly as possible. On September 17, the army of McClellan overtook that of General Lee, and a battle was fought at Antietam in Maryland. It was the first Union victory of importance in the East, and the army of General Lee was back in Virginia.

This victory gave President Lincoln an opportunity to do what he had long desired to do, but felt he must not undertake until there had been a substantial victory. He had previously called his Cabinet together and submitted to them a proclamation giving freedom to all the slaves in the states that were in rebellion against the Federal government. Some of the Cabinet did not believe in such a proclamation. But he signed the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that on and after January 1, 1863, all slaves in the states at that time in rebellion should be no longer slaves, but free men. This was one of the most notable papers ever signed by the head of a great nation, and is one of the most important reasons why the world honors Abraham Lincoln.

Lee's Retreat

General McClellan did not follow up his victory at Antietam, and his army suffered defeat again and again. One general followed another in command of the army of the Potomac, and Lincoln searched the country over in the hope of finding a leader who could bring the war to a successful close. At length, in the middle of the year 1863, occurred two great and almost simultaneous victories. Gen. U. S. Grant, who had been besieging General Pemberton's army at Vicksburg, captured that city on July 3 and thus opened the Mississippi River and cut the Confederacy in twain. On the same day a three-days' battle was completed at Gettysburg, in western Pennsylvania. It was the only important battle fought on Northern soil. General Lee again attempted an invasion of the North and this time got much farther than when he fought McClellan at Antietam. Gen. George G. Meade fought with Lee at Gettysburg. On the first day success was with the Confederates. On the third day a charge of the Confederates met with a disastrous repulse. General Lee withdrew his defeated army south of the Potomac.

TO BE CONCLUDED

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IX

THERE was something unusual at the Barman place, Janet thought, and had been for days. Now that her father was at home she flung her mind abroad to note the phenomena of her small circle. For many days now she had not seen Mr. Barman's wide bulk about the house or seen it riding away or returning on his big sorrel horse. Other men sometimes rode to the door, and Barman was never with them. But Mrs. Barman, on the other hand, was about much more than usual. One could see her often going to the sheds or even bringing in the cows at night.

Janet, sitting out on the wagon-seat after supper and surveying her simple horizon, considered all this. Something was evidently different. There was Mrs. Barman now, returning to the house as if she had been feeding the horses or doing some other chore. Janet stood up and waved to her, but Mrs. Barman evidently did not see and hurried on into the house. So Janet sat down again. But she went on thinking about it. Perhaps Mr. Barman was away or ill and Mrs. Barman had no one to help her. And she had been so solicitous about Janet's father, in her helpless way. Perhaps she herself was in trouble now.

Of course they had rather agreed, she and her mother and she and Mrs. Barman, that the Glasgows should not initiate any relations between the households, however sympathetic they might be. But how were they to know when their neighbor really needed help? If she just slipped across now, when no one was about over there, no harm could come of it. Activity had been rather low today, and there had been no brush with the outside world. She had begun to wish for a new mark on her hours. The amusements of Aleck were now far behind her, and in this bookless country one could not borrow a color with which to brighten the days.

She looked about her own surroundings; no one was observant. Over at the Barmans there seemed to be no eyes. Stealthily—if one can be stealthy on an open hilltop—she slipped across the grass. In all these weeks of contiguity no path or even promise of path had been made between the places. As she went she gave a thought to Pronto and a sigh for his fate and her deprivation. Quietly she approached the house. One could not reach it very easily from rear or side because the building stood in the line of fence which inclosed the farmyard, and the back door opened into the yard. She came up along the front wall and stood near the window, listening. There was no talking inside, but she could hear heavy uncontrolled breathing and the half-ejaculations and impatient sounds of one who was restless and uncomfortable and who bore his situation with petulance. Janet waited a little, with meager sympathy for the one who was enduring his ills so badly. Then she heard Mrs. Barman's step on the floor and her timid voice offering some pacifying attention, and her husband's impatient roar of refusal, and the crash of a dish which had been pushed away, and an oath, such an oath as Janet had never heard, even with her increasing knowledge of profanity. She shuddered a little and grew angry too, with her first conscious thrill of feminism. How did a woman stand it to be treated so? She *couldn't*, Janet was sure. She moved over and perched on the fence. She would wait for Mrs. Barman to appear. And she hoped fervently that Barman was very, very ill.

AT LAST Mrs. Barman came from the back door—almost shot out, in a kind of desperate haste to be outside. Then she stood a moment, as if unable to think of a purpose or an action.

Janet had intended to wave spiritedly and cheerfully from her perch, with a gay word of greeting. But when she saw this she could not. She leaned over and called very softly, very gently.

Mrs. Barman started and quickly put both hands to her mouth, as if repressing herself, as well as Janet. Then she came over to her.

"What is the matter?" whispered Janet.

But already the woman had put her head against her, where she sat on the fence, and

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

begun to sob. "Oh, Janey, oh, Janey!" she said, and sobbed and sobbed. Janet patted and stroked her shoulders, not feeling surprised or strange to find herself the older, the comforting one.

"Perhaps he isn't so bad," she said, forgetting her recent vindictive hope regarding the man.

"Oh, I do know—I can't tell,—but it's awful. I can't stand it!"

It had sounded awful, so far as Janet had

anybody on him since he's been down. It's some folks down south of here he wants to get at."

It was almost dark, and Janet must speed along the way home. She insisted on carrying the milk to the door for the tired woman. "I'll come again," she whispered, not considering what authority might have to say to that. Then she climbed the fence on the farther side of the yard and whisked away. In spite of her great sympathy with the



Janet hoped Mr. Orcutt noticed how angry and contemptuous she looked

heard. But she did not know whether one might ever say that a husband was bad, no matter how bad he was. So she only stroked and patted some more.

"Come on down here," whispered Mrs. Barman at last, raising her head and moving away. She went to the door and said, "I'm goin' down to the shed." She got only an impatient grunt and groan in answer. She took a milk-pail from where it was hanging by the door and she and Janet slipped across the yards. Janet noticed as they passed silently that several horses stood in the sheds, good horses, and that there were more cows than there had been earlier. She now knew what that meant.

"What is Mr. Barman's sickness?" she asked as she crouched beside Mrs. Barman at her milking.

"Why, don't you know?" she said in great surprise, as if communication between the places were regular and cordial. "He was shot."

"Oh!" breathed Janet. She did not know how to ask where or when. "Is he getting better? Is it very bad?" She was embarrassed by her conviction that the hurt was deserved, and earned in a bad cause.

"Nothing's broke," answered the wife. She probably was as vague as she seemed to be. "It's his leg and kind of under his arm. I'm afraid they's a bullet in there yet. An' he's got a fever," she sighed.

Janet with her fumbling and conscious questions finally brought out a good deal. This had happened some ten days ago, or more. He was away, his wife did not know where, and when he was shot he had first lain for a few days at the house of some friend in the cause; then a week ago they had brought him home in the night. He had at first been so furious, so sore, that she could hardly tell whether he was hurt more in his temper or in his limbs. Something had gone wrong, something even more angering than his wound, but his wife did not know what. Ever since, however, she had borne the brunt of his disappointment. She could hardly tell how he was, because when he seemed to be improving a little he thought of his failure and grew more violent again. "It'll be awful when he gets better." She recalled his threats and shivered.

"Anyhow, he's forgot about your pa," Mrs. Barman remembered to say as she finished her milking. "He ain't tried to set

poor woman she was rather restored in spirits through her exercise of initiative.

JANET made a slightly apologetic entrance on her return. But when she told her story she was not reproved. Her father and mother were immediately interested. Her father asked many thoughtful questions about the time and place of Barman's wounding—questions Janet could not answer—and then sat in continued thoughtfulness while she went on with disapproving exclamations over the invalid's behavior.

Her mother too asked for more than Janet could tell, about the man's condition and his wife's treatment of the case. Sickness, even in an enemy, always roused Mrs. Glasgow's wish to bring relief. Then she too was thoughtful, while Janet explained somewhat fully what her own treatment of such a husband would be.

At last her mother said, "I think I ought to go over there."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Glasgow. "It couldn't be done!"

"He would get up and try to kill you," said Janet. "You should hear him!"

"The last border ruffian you saved wasn't very grateful," Mr. Glasgow reminded her.

"In the morning, Janet," her mother went on, "you will watch for a chance to speak to Mrs. Barman and tell her that I'll come over about dark and talk with her. Maybe I can tell her some things she hasn't thought of yet."

"I don't see any use in helping a man like that to get well," said Janet with animus. "The best I'd do would be to give him something to make him sleep for a week. Then his wife would get a little rest."

But she watched in the morning until she saw Mrs. Barman go out to feed the horses and then ran across the grass to her. The poor woman seemed even more tired and distressed than on the night before.

"He kep' me up the most o' the night," she sighed. "He kep' groanin' an' swearin' an' threat'nin' fit to kill."

She welcomed pathetically the suggestion of Mrs. Glasgow's coming; and the neighbor with her eager pity went over with Janet as early as possible in the evening. They had to wait only a minute until Mrs. Barman came fluttering out to meet them. Mrs. Glasgow immediately went into very careful and searching questioning. Not without accumu-

lation of experience had she been the best nurse and the most often called for in her community, in a day when the district nurse was unknown and trained nurses were few. Out here she had been missing somewhat this department of her usefulness, since her fame had not yet gone abroad. Mrs. Barman's answers were so inadequate and so uninformed that Mrs. Glasgow could hardly refrain from entering the house to take the case completely in hand herself. But she had to content herself with full and explicit directions, reiterated and explained—to which poor Mrs. Barman's answer was, "Yes—yes—if he'll let me," or "He gets so awful if I touch him, sometimes."

Mrs. Glasgow went home filled with compassion and indignation at what she had heard, and some regret that so interesting a case should be delivered into such inefficient hands. "Janet knows as much about nursing," she said.

"I wish I did nurse him once. I'd show him," said Janet vindictively.

But she willingly ran across on errands, having taken her neighbor under her protection. Compassion, it must be confessed, was not her strongest feeling here. She did enjoy the pleasure of being a patroness in any degree. She grew much fonder of Mrs. Barman as she assisted her. She cheerfully carried over all her mother's sendings, including simple things for Mrs. Barman herself, and often assisted at the nightly chores or hung on the fence in lively talk, intended to cheer the dreary listener. Sometimes she took back what she had brought because Mrs. Barman said, "He's pearter today, an' he'd sure ask where I got it." Janet thought she could have hoodwinked the invalid had she been his wife.

Barman seemed to have been left alone a good deal by his friends, though occasionally some one rode to the door to make inquiries. He was out of the encounters for the time. What he had helped in, possibly directed, was going on without him. Probably much of his impatience came from that.

But there was a happening one day. One late afternoon she had climbed the fence and crossed the yard to the back door, with a precious little plain cup-custard for Mrs. Barman in her hand. She had made it herself. She could not signal to Mrs. Barman, lest the man should hear. So she sat on a box tucked against the wall and vented her restlessness in an occasional kick at a pig that came too sociably near or a rooster that wished to know the contents of her dish. It was very quiet in the house. There was nothing to hear except Barman's occasional tossings or splutterings. Janet continued to wait.

At last she heard a man ride up in front and dismount. He apparently stood in the doorway, holding his bridle-rein, and spoke into the house.

"Hello, Barman. I'm mighty sorry to hear you're down." The tone was friendly, ingratiating. It seemed rather familiar too to Janet.

"I guess you've got some other things to be sorrier for," answered Barman roughly. "What 'er you doin' here?"

"Heard you were on the sick list and come round to see if there was anything I could do for one that was wounded and missing." The tone was jauntier now, and with a start Janet recognized it. Mr. Orcutt! They had not seen him for weeks. "I'm not such a bad shakes of a nurse."

Barman replied with a very familiar curse. At least Janet had now heard it very often. He uttered it with a good deal of energy.

"Good enough," said Orcutt cheerfully. "That sounds more natural than sick. Want the sun in your eyes that way?" He evidently had thrown his rein over a post and come inside. He crossed the room and did something to the window. "Nothing like sun in your eyes to make you wish you wasn't sick."

"Get out of here!" snarled Barman. "Think I want you, you pink-eared rabbit!" He went on with other phrases, less pleasant and less naturalistic than that. "You're just the kind of little runt that'd think he c'd take care of sick folks."

Janet thought to herself how foolishly unpleasant Barman made himself, whether sick or well.

ORCUTT was quietly looking about, paying no attention to him. "Never saw anything like a man to tangle up his bed all gee-haw and make it uncomfortable. The worse it feels the worse he makes it."

"How'd you like to have your head the other way for a while—see the other side of the house for a change?"

Barman gave a great sigh of easement as he sank down into place. Janet tried to picture little Mr. Orcutt shifting this great man. He certainly must be skillful. But he had not yet had a sight of the wounds. While he still manipulated the bedding and arranged it for comfort he went on talking.

And presently Orcutt was examining the injuries and securing more reasonable explanations than Barman had yet given to anyone else.

Janet was hoping that he would say where he had been when he was wounded, but he only went on with his abuse. There was nothing new in that talk, so she began to sidle away. To her surprise, she saw Mrs. Barman coming up the hill from the Mayhew place. It was a remarkable thing for her to be away from home, and Janet went to meet her.

"He wanted me to get Sam Mayhew to go to town to get something for him," she began her hurried explanation as soon as she was near enough to speak. "He just druv me off." She ate the custard with relish, Janet having provided a spoon for such outdoor eating.

"Mr. Orcutt's in there now," Janet volunteered, to see what the wife would say.

If it had been anything but slippery custard in her mouth, Mrs. Barman would have choked. "Oh, say!" she gasped. "What'd he do?" He on her lips never meant anyone but Barman.

"They are just talking," "My, the way he has blown Orcutt!" "Doesn't he like him?" Janet still hoped to learn something.

"Orcutt won't fight, an' he's so kind of middlin'. He thought they'd of put some things through if Orcutt had stuck better. An' now if they're thick again." In wonderment she returned the empty cup to Janet without any of her usual effusive thanks and took her puzzled way home.

AT home Janet told only that Mr. Orcutt was at Barman's. It did not seem the part of a friend and patron of Mrs. Barman to tell all that she heard over there, especially if she heard it surreptitiously.

"Too bad about Orcutt," said Gard in a general way.

"Why is he to be pitied?" asked Mrs. Glasgow. She did not forget even now what Orcutt had done.

"Because he ain't smart." "You must use up a lot of pity when you look around," said Mrs. Glasgow tolerantly.

"I think Orcutt comes pretty near being a good fellow. Only he lost his head when he came here. He thought it was the thing to make a pile when he got to a new place, and he listened to the first fellow that talked to him, and it happened to be a rascal like Barman. He don't care much for pro or anti, either way, on anything. So he just took the side that he thought had the most for him. And then he didn't keep up his end."

"Do you know anything about him lately?"

"I've been hearing. He's been round and round. He don't do much, and he don't make himself liable very much, but he sort of fetches and carries. He's a kind of taking little fellow."

"Yes—wanted to take our land," said Mr. Glasgow with a laugh. He now had no harsh feelings about that episode.

"He ain't good enough or bad enough for this country," said Gard. He was very talkative tonight. "If you're a good man with stone-wall principles or a bad man without any, you can get along in a new country. Orcutt ain't weighted with much heft of principles, but he's good-natured. He'll go between stools yet."

"I guess from what I hear," he added later, "that he don't stand any too well with either side."

In the morning Orcutt could be seen about the Barman place, and Janet did not go over. To present the family with a dish of new peas as a surprise and to receive praise for it seemed to be enough interest for the day. Even at dusk she did not venture over, nor the next morning. That afternoon as she came out to help Aleck to retrieve the wandering Hasty she saw Mr. Orcutt ride up to the Barman house again.

Perhaps it was because they had seemed

to give a friendly response that Orcutt came over that evening after supper. They were all outside looking at the peculiar formation of clouds in the south, which seemed to promise a storm, and did not notice him until he spoke.

"How are you, good people? Reading the signs of the times in the heavens? How do you do, Mrs. Glasgow?"

"Good evening," said Mrs. Glasgow demurely. And the men said, "Hello, Orcutt!" not unkindly, rather as if they were a little bit amused.

"Looks like a special kind of storm, eh?" He surveyed the clouds as if he had come on purpose to pronounce on the storm. "I suppose Kansas has some fancy weather that we haven't sampled yet."

"No doubt o' that," said Mr. Gard dryly. No one else said anything. They all looked at the sky.

THE clouds served as a topic for a while longer. Then Orcutt looked around. "You're certainly getting a good start here—say! A body'd hardly think you're so new." He did not seem to feel embarrassment in appraising the place he had tried to get. "Grapes and little trees and everything. Corn looks pretty good for sod-corn. You ought to get something out of that. Takes an Ohio man to show 'em how to farm. And look at that garden. I haven't seen one like it anywhere." Everybody looked thoughtfully at each growth he named, as if learning

with the general reserve to make his usual friendly response. He merely smiled shyly. Orcutt looked at the sky again and thought the storm was nearer, and no one contradicted his opinion. Then there was a pause.

"It's no use, Orcutt," said Mr. Glasgow at last, still with a little bit of amusement. "I guess you can't put Humpty-dumpty together again, especially when you tumble him down on purpose. We thought we did you a good turn, and you did us a bad one. I guess we're not the same kind of people and don't want to do the same things. So it's just as well for us not to try to travel the same road. We're not holding much against you, especially as you did yourself more harm than you did us. But you tried to throw a dirty trick, and that seemed natural to you, and we can't be very friendly to a man like that."

Janet was usually proud of her father when he talked, and she could not help being proud now, according to her standards, because he was so cool and reasonable and the little bit of humor in his manner when he ended made him seem so superior to Mr. Orcutt. But if she had been speaking she would have said something a good deal sharper and stronger. She hoped Mr. Orcutt noticed how angry and contemptuous she looked, as she stood by her father.

"Well, I reckon you know which way you want to go. It's beginning to sprinkle." As if that furnished him a reason for going Orcutt

several times sent for from some place where illness was.

It was a man who had heard of her nursing who drove to the door very early one morning and came and knocked, timidly but very urgently.

"Can you come over to see my wife?" he said. "We've got a little baby, and both of them are pretty bad, and I don't know what to do." He spoke in a desperate kind of way. "You must come," he urged. Mrs. Glasgow went.

That was how Janet found herself at loose ends in the afternoon, with no duties which she could not postpone and no immediate companionship. She decided to take a walk. She would go hunting. The guns stood in the corner of the room, for today the men were not carrying them. She chose the new gun which her father had brought home from Joel White's. Something would happen, she thought, though she did not surmise what.

The first thing to happen was Mr. Orcutt. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "Lost girl!"

"I'm not lost," she said stiffly.

Orcutt laughed, not his usual sociable laugh, but a very sarcastic one. He was riding on when he gave a second glance at the gun and then leaned forward and looked at it carefully. "Where'd you get that shooter?" he demanded.

"At home!" Janet drew back a step lest he try to take it. "It's father's."

"Like—I guess it is. I've seen that before." Mr. Orcutt's voice was cruelly vindictive. He rode on without trying to lay hands on the gun, and Janet went on her way. When she presently saw a covered wagon coming toward her path, on a road she was to cross, she did not change her way to avoid it, but only went slowly enough so that she should not meet it directly.

THE shaky wagon moved along as if empty, no one looking from under its sunburned and weathered cover. And drawing it were two of the boniest, most rickety, most faded old horses ever seen. Then her look traveled to another beast hobbling along at the tail of the wagon, a pony, not quite so thin and worn as the horses but very lame and very dejected.

Janet watched him a moment and then ran toward him. It was Pronto! He submitted with pleasure to her caresses.

Then she began to lead Pronto away.

But that was the moment when a voice shouting, "Hey, there!" came from under the canvas cover and a young man leaped to the ground, while the rattling wagon abruptly stopped. Janet stood still near the edge of the road, the halter in one hand, her gun in the other. Another young man appeared.

"My soul!" exclaimed the young man.

"You begin early out here!"

"I'm not a horse thief," retorted Janet.

"This is my own pony, and he was stolen from me." Certainly Pronto was now showing great contentment.

Janet had considered the men. They didn't swear, even when they first caught sight of her; they laughed as if they delighted in being amused; they had pleasant faces, not "sternly Kansasized," as Larry Hosmer once said; and they were not carrying any arms.

"I don't believe you are the men that stole Pronto," she said generously. "I didn't see you there."

"Thank you, thank you. We are vindicated." The younger man did the most of the talking. "But would anyone possessing these"—he waved toward their work-worn team—"go out and steal another beast?"

"The chief thing," said his friend, "is to keep from owning any more like them."

"Some have horses thrust upon them." This was mysterious talk to Janet.

"Where are you going now?"

The men exchanged a glance, both whimsical and rueful. "Where are we going?" said one.

"We don't live very far away." Hospitality and pity had risen in Janet. "We'd give you some supper, and you could camp beside our house, and perhaps my father could tell you what to do next."

"Food and rest and advice," murmured the older man. "We need them all. Lead on, Una—if you're not Duessea." They had a bookish way of talking.

Janet turned her back and stalked off, and the men laboriously followed. Janet walked very straight, with her gun on her shoulder, and the young men presently ceased to be amused as they watched her.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Janet turned her back and stalked off, and the men laboriously followed

something new about it. But no one responded, and he had to keep on talking. "You certainly are getting something that looks like a home. And quick, too. How long is it now?"

"You ought to remember," answered Glasgow dryly.

Orcutt flushed, seeing his mistake. "We both celebrated the same day, when we Columbus in here," he said hastily. "Day that'll be marked in red sometime. How are you, Mary of Argyle?"

"I'm very well, thank you. My name is Janet."

"Oh, scuse me, scuse me. Well, a rose by any other name. How's the boy Aleck?"

But even Aleck was too much impressed

began to walk away. He moved with even more than usual of his jaunty up-and-down. But at a few paces he suddenly stopped and jerked around. "You're pretty heigh-ho and uppish about all this. But we're not through with you yet. This was your last chance. Maybe you'll wish yet that you had a friend among them you despise so much."

He went away very fast now, and no longer seemed conscious that they were watching him.

Quieter times followed Glasgow's return. Mrs. Glasgow rested serenely in these days that were almost free from anxiety; and devised new ways to make her family comfortable. Word of her skill as a nurse had begun to go abroad, however, and she was



T. A. D. Jones, head coach of the Yale football team, who entered this year into a "non-scouting" agreement with Coach Roper of Princeton

Keystone

THE year 1926 has marked the downfall of champions in all fields of sport. So definite proved the trend of upsets in one big athletic event after another that even as early as September many competent sports critics forecast the lowering of colors of the big teams in football.

From the time little Geneva administered to Harvard her first opening-game defeat in years until the battered eleven from Boston University took the measure of unbeaten Holy Cross, every Saturday provided some startling upset as further evidence to substantiate the belief that the glory of the game goes no longer to the great of old. In the East, Dartmouth, champions of 1925, bowed to Yale, Harvard, Brown and Cornell on successive Saturdays; Yale lost to Brown, West Point, Maryland and Princeton in a row; Harvard won only three games out of eight. On the other hand, New York University, never before reckoned among the great, toppled all comers until a Nebraskan snow storm covered up the Violet; Amherst played through a very successful season, holding a strong Princeton team to a one-touchdown lead; and the Brown Bear, buried in his 1925 year of dedication, growled and bit his way to the top of the heap.

Some Star Players

Of course some teams have run true to form. Princeton at the start of the season hoped for great success and in a marked measure realized ambitions. An even game with Washington and Lee, a loss to Annapolis, and a tight squeeze with Lehigh occasioned midseason lack of confidence among the Tiger supporters. But the striped beast was only sharpening his broken claws, and when the time came for his big battles with John Harvard and the Bulldog he dug in deep enough to kill. Pittsburgh, Penn State, Georgetown, Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Colgate and Pennsylvania, all played rugged, aggressive, winning football; and, though in some instances their records stand smirched with one or two defeats, these teams stood up well through strenuous schedules and deserve high credit. The very best in the season's teams represented Brown, Boston College, N. Y. U., West Point, Annapolis and Lafayette.

Fewer players stood out as stars this season than usual. That does not mean that the grade of 1926 football fell below standard, but merely that fewer men performed with consistent outstanding ability than in past years. Undoubtedly the efforts of coaches aim more and more at the development of team play rather than that of the individual, and undoubtedly also the broadening field of football and good coaching in the preparatory schools brings candidates to college on a more equal footing in regard to their ability. Still we cannot fail to notice the playing of such men as Wilson of Lafayette, Wilson of the Army, Weston and Cronin of Boston College, Strong of N. Y. U., Shaughnessy of Colgate, Carr of Syracuse, Broda and Randall of Brown, McCabe of Georgetown, Ellis of Davis-Elkins, Flenniken of Geneva, Hamilton of Navy, Wise and Kit-



Courtesy of Boston Post

The famous "Eleven Iron Men" of Brown University, who, playing practically without substitution, defeated Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard and seven other big Eastern teams. The backfield, from left to right: Cornsweet, Mishel, Lawrence, Randall; linemen, from left to right: Towle, Provencher, Smith, Considine, Farber, Kevorkian, Broda

On Eastern Gridirons

By JACKSON L. CANNELL

Assistant Coach, Dartmouth Football Team

tredge of Holy Cross, Black and Davis of Dartmouth, Noble and Richards of Yale, Slagle of Princeton, and Carey of Cornell.

Radical Tactics

Style of play this season differed somewhat from that of last year. There developed no outstanding passing team such as Dartmouth had a year ago, but many elevens employed the pass to a far greater extent than ever before. Passing on first and second downs proved to be a part of the attacking scheme of not a few teams, and now and then these early passes were thrown in zones of the playing field heretofore reserved for kicking and rushing only. This marked tendency to the use of the forward pass as a vital part of the attack rather than as a last resort greatly confused the defense and injected into the game an element of uncertainty that always kept the little fellow on fairly equal footing with his bigger rival.

Of course, for some years now, the ten-

dency has been to mix in passes with rushes so that the defense could expect neither a pass nor a rush with any degree of assurance. But not until this season did teams generally take advantage of an opening for a pass regardless of position on the field.

Forward Passing on First Downs

The famous Red Grange, after witnessing the Harvard-Yale-Princeton series, made a statement to the effect that the Middle West elevens played the game more conservatively than Eastern teams, and made particular reference to the use of the forward pass. This comes as quite a surprise to most of us who have been accustomed to the idea that



Keystone

William W. Roper, the head coach of the Princeton team, who introduced the "huddle system" into Eastern college football



WILSON, halfback, Army

Conference football exhibited a bit more of the daring and radical than the game in the East. But it is doubtful if Grange would have been so impressed with the Eastern game had he watched it in any other year than 1926. When Harvard ran back the opening kick-off in the second half of the Yale game, to little short of midfield, and then immediately threw passes on first and second downs, it was but another example of the decided change in selection of play that has swept over our football this season.

The Huddle Will Stay

Many Eastern teams used the "huddle" this fall. This scheme of grouping an eleven together to give the signal for a play before assuming any formation varied from a careless bunching of the players to a carefully predetermined arrangement with every man in definite relation to his team-mates and an exact distance from the scrimmage line. One advantage of the huddle is obvious. A quarterback can give the play to his team amid the noise and cheering of a big game with the assurance that every team-mate will know the play and that the opponents will not.

From the spectators' standpoint the huddle takes color and action from the game, and it is not certain that it does not deprive a team of the fiery drive that a real quarterback may inspire with voice and manner. At all events, many big teams have adopted the huddle, and we may expect to see its use even more general another season.

The Roper-Jones Experiment

"Tad" Jones of Yale and Bill Roper of Princeton aroused much comment this fall by making a non-scouting agreement. The press immediately canvassed all football coaches for opinions regarding the Yale-Princeton stand and the value of scouting. Most expressions were to the effect that the position taken by Jones and Roper would benefit the game, but only one or two coaches stated their readiness to fall in line. A few voiced the opinion that a general non-scouting agreement could not be carried out successfully, and there were hardly any two who commented alike on the problem.

Football followers in general know that scouting rests on a high plane. Scouts obtain their information concerning opponents' formation and plays in a perfectly above-board manner. They often visit with the opposing coaches before a game they plan to watch, and all relations are friendly and cordial.

But, whether or not the game would benefit by disarming the defense, scouting helps football at least in one important respect. Competent observers quickly detect innovation and improvement in play and methods, and the constant dissemination of the progressive movements of the game tends to grade the quality of football steadily upward. Under the present system, in any event, we are sure of fair play, smart defense and advancement.



BLACK, fullback, Dartmouth



WISE, quarterback, Holy Cross



COADY, tackle, Harvard

Help Choose the All-time All-America

IN 1910, having selected his annual All-America Football Teams for twenty-one years, Walter Camp selected an "All-time All-America Team" as follows:

End	Hinkey, Yale
Tackle	Fish, Harvard
Guard	Hare, Pennsylvania
Center	Schulz, Michigan
Guard	Heffelfinger, Yale
Tackle	DeWitt, Princeton
End	Shewlin, Yale
Quarterback	Eckersall, Chicago
Halfback	Heston, Michigan
Halfback	Weekes, Columbia
Fullback	Coy, Yale

Now, how would you change this team, in the light of the sixteen football seasons that have passed since Walter Camp chose it?

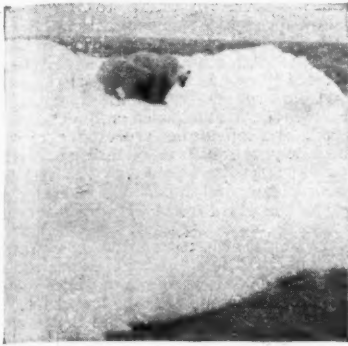
For the best letter from any boy or man reader of The Youth's Companion, giving his own choice for an up-to-date All-time All-America Team and supporting this choice in not over 300 words of explanation, The Youth's Companion will give \$25.00 worth of sporting goods selected by the winner. The letters will be judged by the Athletic Editor, in conference with the Messrs. Arthur Stanwood Pier, Jonathan Brooks, Jackson L. Cannell and Ben Friedman. The last date for receiving letters is February 1, 1927.



SHAUGHNESSY, fullback, Colgate



SLAGLE, halfback, Princeton



The old bear and the two cubs on the drifting iceberg

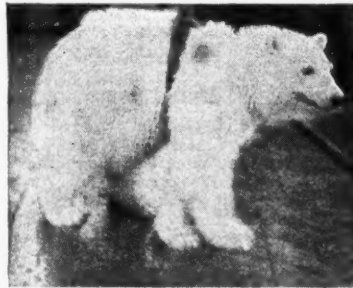
IN SIX PARTS. PART 5

FIRST I will tell how we saw our first bear. It was just about four o'clock in the morning, and I was going to turn in. It was cold, but it had been fun staying up, and I don't think I ever saw anything so beautiful as that light on the ice and the calm gray water with the snowy mountains and the dark cliffs and white glaciers on both sides of the sound. One of the men was at work cleaning up his walrus head. Dad was at the bow, Ralph was at the wheel, and Jim was on the lookout.

"Bear! Bear!" Suddenly Ralph calls that out in a low voice. Jim rang for the engine to stop, and at once the captain, who was below getting a nap after being up about twenty-four hours, came on deck. The hunt that followed was mighty exciting, but I believe that the most exciting part of it was really that first cry of "Bear! Bear!"

Exciting as it was, I don't think it compared to our second adventure with bears, when we caught two polar cubs alive.

On September 2, 1926, we were working down the eastern coast of Baffin Island, intending to cross over Baffin Bay toward



One of the cubs: and not so small, either!

Holsteinburg. There was no ice to speak of, only a few scattered bergs; and the weather continued to be pretty nice, sunny and quite warm—which was very unusual for this time of year.

Just at seven o'clock in the morning Dad woke me up and said that there were three bears on a small berg near us. Ralph and Jim had seen them. All hands turned out so we would not miss the fun.

The Morrissey went right up close to the berg, and we got a lot of pictures. There was a big bear and two little bears, which had been born about February, they told me. They were pretty big and husky and weighed probably more than one hundred and fifty pounds each. It was queer to see the bears way out there in the water, nearly twenty miles from land. But later Mr. Rasmussen told us they often travel hundreds of miles almost all the way in the water. Swimming seems to be about as easy for them as walking. Cap'n Bob has found them swimming way down off Labrador.

As we got close, the old bear walked right down to the water's edge with the two cubs following. We headed away from the berg and swung around to leeward to let them calm down. That seemed to satisfy them.



Waiting for seals at an air hole

GREENLAND HO!

By DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

Cabin Boy on the Morrissey, American Museum of Natural History Greenland Expedition



The Eskimo Kakutiah's sketch of a bear chased by dogs

Perhaps they thought the ship was just a big dirty piece of ice.

Lassoing a Live Polar Bear

We in the Morrissey came within thirty feet of them two or three times, taking pictures. The big bear would turn around and growl at us, and sort of grunt to the children to hustle along and get away from



The end of an Arctic "rodeo": "Cowboy" fights the lasso in vain

this strange creature that was following them.

We wanted to get them back on the berg if possible, so we put a dory over with Carl in it, and rowed by Ralph and Joe, to try to herd them towards the ice again. Several times after a lot of trouble they got them headed back near the ice, but they wouldn't go up on it again. It was a queer game of tag. Finally the old bear was killed.

In the meantime Jim on board was working on a rough cage for the cubs. The cubs stayed around the body until Carl in the dory came up close. Then they swam off, barking like a whole kennel of dogs. We started after the cubs, and it was the most exciting thing I think I have ever seen, and an awful lot of fun.

Carl sort of wedged himself up in the bow of the dory, which was bobbing around a lot, and the men rowed him towards the cubs as the Morrissey worked in close where Kel could get the pictures.

The very first shot Carl got his bear. He swung his rope about his head in the air and let it go. The noose fell as fine as could be, right round the cub's head. It was a great show. The folks back in Pendleton, Oregon, who sent us that rope for Carl, would have been tickled to death. And right there Dad said we would call one of the cubs "Cowboy." The first one was to be named "Cap'n Bob."

The little bear didn't know what had happened until they began pulling him in. Then he commenced growling and snarling and barking.

A Real Fighter

When Carl got him alongside the dory he chewed at the rope and scratched and tore at the boat and at Carl, and tried to climb aboard. He certainly was full of fight. One clean swipe from his claw would be enough to rip an arm off, I suppose. Carl wore heavy gloves and leather wristlets.

When the bear tried to climb in, Carl would bat him in the face with his hand or pry his paws off the gunwale. He bit at Carl and was "real snooty." After a while, when he had towed the dory about a bit, Carl managed to get a rope sling down round his



Spearing the seal



How to spear fish in Greenland

body behind his shoulders, and with this he was hoisted aboard with a tackle.

Coming up on deck, he bit everything he could get at and tried to tear the sails he reached, and generally raised Ned. We hoisted him up in the air and with a smaller rope sort of led and dragged him forward to the cage, which was on the port side of the ship by the bow. We had to lift him over the jumbo and lower him on the other side into the entrance of his cage.

Then Carl went out and roped the other cub, which had swum away about a quarter of a mile. This one we got over on top of the

cage all right, but then, when Will was standing up leaning on the jumbo boom, the bear jumped right up at him, and Will just got away in time. The bear landed just where he had been. We got him into the cage the same as the other one.

Those two cubs looked so nice I naturally



David exhibits two beautiful Arctic hares. Notice their size, and the thickness of the fur

wanted to take them back home for pets. But a polar bear is not the sort you can easily tame, and it's just as well I didn't try!

We gave them a duck, and to our surprise they ate it all up in a minute. We thought we would see how they liked the dog food we had on board in cans. It's called Ken-L-Rations, and is pretty good stuff, even for men. The Eskimos north liked it a lot. Well, our bears just loved it!

TO BE CONCLUDED.



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FACT AND COMMENT

A COLLEGE education is a good thing; the young man who has one has a better chance of success because of it. But he must use it, not wear it as an ornament.

OF GEORGE D. OLDS, who has just resigned the presidency of Amherst College, the boys used to say that he was so square that they got caught on the edges! And when you are caught that way there is no chance for resentment. Respect and love attend a man of whom a thing like that can be said.

IN THE EFFORT to simplify a little the complexity and confusion of life in so great a city as New York, there has been established an information service to which you can subscribe for a dollar a year. Whenever you want to know the exact time, the best way of getting from one end of the city to another, the best places to buy special articles, or the location of a street or a building you never heard of, you call up the office, give your membership number, and receive the information you want. Even at the moderate fee asked the service expects to make money.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN "of all the Russias" made for the coronation of Empress Catherine in 1762, and last worn by Nicholas II, who was killed by the Bolsheviks, is still in existence, it is said, under safe-keeping in Moscow. This crown contains almost five thousand diamonds besides hundreds of other precious stones. The jewels are said to be worth \$52,000,000. It is suggested that the soviet government may decide to break up the crown and sell the jewels of which it is composed. In that case most of them are likely to find their way to the United States.

FARM RELIEF AND HIGH TAXES

AT its recent convention at Portland, Maine, the National Grange, oldest and most conservative of agricultural organizations, committed itself to a plan of farm relief which differs in important respects from the scheme embodied in the McNary-Haugen bill, which came so near passing at the last session of Congress. The Grange plan is virtually a bounty on exported farm products, but it does not require any money to be paid out of the public treasury, or any government responsibility for the marketing of farm crops. The bounty would be paid in "debentures," good for paying tariff duties on goods imported from other countries.

For example, if it were desired to maintain a price for wheat in this country at ten cents a bushel above the Liverpool price, the exporter of a hundred thousand bushels of wheat would receive a debenture for \$10,000, which he could use himself for the payment of tariff duties or sell in the New York market to some importer who could so use it. The government would sustain the price of wheat, not by the payment of cash, but by receiving less actual money in tariff revenue. This plan has certain manifest advantages over the more complicated system of government financing embodied in the Haugen bill; we should say it stood a better chance of being accepted by Congress and the President than that measure does.

Incidentally, one of the speakers at this convention, Mr. T. E. Atkeson, who has for some years been the Washington representative of the Grange, gave the farmers some

excellent advice when he told them to keep a closer watch on local taxation. Every community in the United States would be better off if it did that; but for various reasons the farmers would profit especially. Local taxation is laid on real estate, and no other citizen has so much of his capital in real estate as the farmer. Taxes have been rising steadily for twenty years, and in a majority of cases the money is spent in villages or towns where the farmer gets less good for what it buys than anyone else. Furthermore, communities, especially the ambitious ones, often favor industry to the disadvantage of agriculture. It is common enough to hear of a newly established shoe shop or textile mill being exempted from taxation, but no one ever exempted the farmer from bearing his share of the tax burden.

We talk a great deal about the national income tax, and about national taxation in general. But the income tax does not now touch so many as half the population at all, and most of those whom it does touch have much larger tax bills from the town or city in which they live. Moreover, national taxation tends to decrease; local taxation is all the time going up. Part of this increase is inevitable; we cannot get on without spending more money than we used to on schools and on road building. But a lot of the tax money is spent on unessentials, on trimmings, on showy rather than on necessary objects. We are inclined to believe that the farmers of the country could save more money for themselves by bringing about genuine economy in the expenditures for local government than they will ever get from any system of farm relief by legislation.

TWO INCIDENTS

ONE day in the middle sixties a poorly dressed and rather uncouth-looking young fellow entered the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Boston and said that the superintendent told him to go to work there. None of the other employees knew him, but he had a letter from the superintendent, as he had said, and so they "gave him a key" at a special table by himself, and he sat down to take press dispatches from New York. Though he did not know it, they had given him the receiving end of a wire at the other end of which was one of the fastest senders in the country. The dress and countrified appearance of the new operator led them to expect some fun.

The new man opened his line and began to write down in a beautifully clear hand the matter that was coming over the New York wire. Faster and faster it came, but the young operator showed neither surprise nor discomfort. His pen kept easy pace with the key. Then the sender began to give him "code"—that is, to abbreviate—and to use a sort of telegraphic shorthand. At last, when there came a little let-up in the torrent, the calm youth in the Boston office opened his own key and flashed back, "Change off for a while, young man, and send with your other foot."

A few days ago that operator, who, in the sixties, was an unknown youth, but now, in 1926, is nearly eighty years old and a world figure, took part in another interesting telegraphic test. In company with officials of the Lackawanna Railway on their way from South Orange to New Village, N. J., he participated in a speed and accuracy contest in sending messages from the moving train, and won a gold telegraph key for his skill.

The man was Thomas A. Edison. We mention the two incidents, the first of which is well known, because Mr. Edison recently broke over his rule against granting interviews to send a message to the boy readers of *The Companion*. The substance of that message was: "Think. Exercise your brains. Do not let them wither from disuse." But it seems to us that his life carries also another message no less important: "Work. Master whatever you undertake, and learn to do it better than anyone else." The mastery that the youth of the sixties had attained by fifteen hours a day of hard work at the key the man of nearly fourscore years still retains.

A LESSON IN MANNERS

SOMEONE has called Benjamin Franklin the "first civilized American." Whether or not he was the first, he was as thoroughly civilized a man as our country has ever produced. No American has ever bettered the simplicity, sanity, reasonableness and gentleness of Franklin's life and philosophy. The humble printer, son of an honest but not very prosperous tallow-chandler, educated

himself till he was as a writer, a business man, a scientist and a statesman the equal of the most eminent men of his time; and in absorbing the cultivation of that period he transmuted it through the activity of his sound intellect into the most admirable kind of worldly wisdom.

The natural man is suspicious, quarrelsome, egotistical. It is the mark of the genuinely civilized man that he is none of those things. Read what Benjamin Franklin wrote in his "Autobiography" about the means and the advantages of avoiding ill-natured controversies:

I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertions of my own. I even forbid myself the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as certainly, undoubtedly, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, I conceive, I apprehend, or I imagine a thing to be so or so; or it so appears to me at present. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I deny'd myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there appear'd or seem'd to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engag'd in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos'd my opinions procur'd them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevail'd with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

Would that eager controversialists in religion, politics, sport, art and morals were wise enough to follow Franklin's example! How much pleasanter and sweeter human companionship would be, and how much oftener the truth would emerge from the mists and shadows of prejudice, predisposition, antipathy and self-interest! If, as we understand it, civilization consists quite as much in the melioration of manners as in the increase of the ease and comfort of life, we still have a great deal to learn from the sage of two centuries ago.

THIS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

SELECTING IMMIGRANTS

ONE of the interesting—and important—decisions reached by the recent Imperial Conference at London had to do with the problem of immigration. The British dominions, especially Canada, Australia and New Zealand, insisted through their representatives on their right to limit immigration by selection, even where the immigrants came from Great Britain itself. The dominions are no longer willing to accept any kind of immigrant, or to take the sort of material that England would like to send over seas. They want most of all men and women who will work on the land and help develop the agricultural possibilities of their respective countries. England would like to keep its own farmers at home and send abroad some of the industrial workers, of whom it already has too many. But the dominion premiers were firm and carried their point. In that respect the conference has distinctly failed to help the difficulties that overpopulation is causing in Great Britain.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE SURPLUS

AT the end of this year there will be a surplus of national tax money amounting to \$400,000,000 or even more. The President and Secretary Mellon propose to deal with the situation by giving to income-tax payers of 1927 a sufficient rebate on their taxes to use up the surplus. Congress is likely to debate this proposal at length. Many legislators, both Republicans and Democrats, want the money used to reduce the public debt and will oppose any form of tax-rebate. The Democrats, as a party group, will advocate a permanent reduction of the income tax by repealing the leaf-tobacco, entertainment and automobile taxes, and by diminishing the corporation tax and perhaps the surtax on certain large incomes.

WHAT A COAL STRIKE COSTS

THE British coal strike, although not officially terminated, is virtually at an end. The miners have been obliged by their

own necessities to return to work, and, though through government action they are likely to find some of the conditions of work improved, they have definitely lost the main issues of the conflict. That sort of ending is most unfortunate. It settles nothing, leaves the men in a still sullen and dissatisfied mood, and offers no probability of the absolutely essential reorganization of the coal industry. It is believed that at least one hundred thousand miners will find no work and will be added to the already great army of the unemployed. It has been estimated by economists that the strike has already cost the British nation the equivalent of \$1,500,000,000 through loss of wages and of coal production and through lowered activity in other industries. Besides that, Great Britain has lost much of its foreign market for coal, and the resources of the nation will be diminished in this way, to an extent and for a period that cannot be estimated.

QUEEN MARIE RETURNS

THE Queen of Roumania had to cut short her American tour, owing, it was announced, to the serious illness of King Ferdinand. She had to omit from her trip a number of cities she had meant to visit, and she sailed from New York the day before Thanksgiving.

MEXICO AND NICARAGUA

THE President of Nicaragua, Señor Diaz, has asked the United States to help him maintain a stable government in that Central American republic. His authority, he says, is threatened by a revolutionary party, which has the active support of the Mexican government. We have already once landed marines to protect property at Bluefields, and we may eventually be drawn into actual intervention in Nicaraguan affairs, though it is announced from Washington that we shall first try to persuade the Liberal party, which is hostile to President Diaz, to cooperate with him in putting an end to the revolutionary movement. If we are finally obliged to interfere in Nicaragua, it is pretty certain to complicate our relations with Mexico, which seems determined to extend its influence southward, through assisting the enemies of the Diaz regime.

POLITICAL CHARGES IN MAINE

THE special election for a United States Senator in Maine grew unexpectedly lively when the Democratic candidate, Mr. Redman, charged his opponent, Mr. Gould, with having paid what amounted to a bribe of \$100,000 to the premier of New Brunswick, a number of years ago. Mr. Gould admitted paying the money, but called it blackmail instead of a bribe. He said that he was obliged to contribute that amount to the campaign funds of Premier Flemming in order to avoid having the construction of a railway in which he was interested interfered with by the government of New Brunswick. Mr. Redman, who was beaten in the election, threatens to carry his charges before the Senate, in the hope that that body will refuse to seat Mr. Gould.

MISCELLANY

THE BRANCH AND THE VINE

TRUTHS need to be taught one at a time. The human mind does not easily hold in an equal balance two antithetic truths. Therefore all teaching is a matter of over-emphasis. Every proverb may be held to be one aspect of a truth that has passed into popular usage, and generally at the expense of a correlative truth.

Jesus taught one thing at a time. He said to his disciples, "The branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine." It does not bear fruit if cut away from the parent stalk. Morality cut away from religion is like a flower in a vase. It is not likely to bloom long, and it bears no seed. If one generation is content with morality without religion, the next generation is likely to dispense with both.

Jesus did not find occasion at the same moment to teach in terms of that same figure of speech the correlative truth, though He implied it in the context. If the branch bears no fruit when cut away from the vine, just as truly the vine bears no fruit if cut back to the naked stalk.

It is the branches that bear the fruit. Furthermore, it is the new branches that are the fruit-grower's dependence. One who rides along the shores of Lakes Erie and

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Boston, Massachusetts

Ontario through mile after mile of vineyards sees the vines, in the spring, cut back, often to a single fork. The branches that were so fruitful last year are ruthlessly cut away. But that cutting is not that there may be fruit grown directly on the vine. The cutting back is that the vine may put forth new wood for the new crop. The life and the hope of fruitage are in the young wood.

Jesus used a beautiful and accurate figure of speech when He said, "I am the vine; ye are the branches. Abide in me, and I in you." There is where reciprocity of relationship becomes essential to fruitfulness.

We do not know what agencies God possesses through which his larger ends may be attained. But we do know that for so much of fruitage as is represented in the twigs of our own personality, we are dependent on God for our life, and He relies upon us for his fruit.

THE CHRIST-CHILD COMES

The wintry hills were wild and gray;

The way was rough to them

Who, weary, fared at close of day,

The road to Bethlehem.

They saw the village lights ahead;

"Ah, here is shelter," Mary said.

The public inn was warm and bright;

It rang with song and shout—

The folk with feasting passed the night

Nor dreamed who stood without,

While Mary, wistful, bowed her head—

"There is no room within," she said.

Inside a stable, on the straw.

They found a vacant place.

Only the soft-eyed oxen saw

The light on Mary's face

As, leaning o'er the lowly bed,

"My little son," she gently said.

Then on the midnight, sweet and clear,

From soaring angel throng

The lonely hills, the valley drear,

Were swept with flood of song:

A white Star glorified the way,

To show the manger where He lay.

O world! What joy and peace you know!

In countless homes, what light is shed,

Because of Him who, long ago,

Had not a place to lay his head!

The Christmas bells ring out again,

To voice the mercy that endures

Through centuries to sons of men—

What heritage is mine—is yours!

O heart! Let love set wide your door—

The little Christ-child comes once more.

—ESSIE PHELPS DUFFY

HER ADVICE WAS NOT TAKEN

THE Irish Free State has made the Abbey Theatre, notable for its fine productions of worthy drama and its encouragement of Irish dramatic literature, an endowed national institution. Everybody approves, and Irishmen are rightfully proud of the world-wide reputation of their national theatre. But the Irish are ever the fighting race, and there have been turbulent scenes, more than verging on riot, on the first nights of some plays based on perilously controversial themes. That is nothing new. An American writing from Dublin recalls that many years ago when the great American tragic actress, Charlotte Cushman, was performing in the city, where she was immensely popular, something occurred, while she was off the stage, which gave offense to two or three touchy spectators in the gallery. They objected, others objected to their objections, and remarks, rapidly increasing in pointedness, were bandied round about and up and down from pit to gallery. A lively ruction was imminent. Angry voices accused the noisiest objector, and soon rose threatening shouts of "Throw him over! Throw him over!"

He might have been actually thrown—he would certainly have been manhandled—had not a gentle, delicate, lady-like but carrying voice made itself heard in a momentary lull. It came from somewhere almost under the front of the balcony.

"Oh, no! Don't do that," protested the

gentle creature in silvery tones. "Don't throw him over! Kill him where he is!"

There was a roar of good-natured laughter, and peace was restored. Her bloodthirsty counsel had saved the situation—as she was probably clever enough to guess that it would do.

FEEDING THE BEAR

WHEN a man feeds a bear, it is usually because the creature is tame and friendly, or the safely-caged pride of a zoo. Metoq, the Eskimo, once fed a hungry polar bear for a different and more urgent reason. He and his wife between them told the story to Commander Fitzhugh Green, who has recently retold it in the Popular Science Monthly.

During a period of famine in his village, Metoq with two other hunters was out on the ice of Baffin Bay after walrus, with sledge and dogs, when a violent storm arose suddenly, and the ice began to break up. In the blinding snow, he sprang backward just in time, as he found himself driving into an opening lead of water; the dogs sprang and scrambled to safety, but by the time they were across it was too wide for him to follow. He found himself adrift on the ice-pan, and, worst of all, not alone. A big white bear had been caught also. But it made no move to attack.

"One small accident saved my life," said Metoq. "I found that in our wild dash for land a snow-knife had fallen off one of the sledges. With it I built an igloo and crawled in. When the worst of the storm was over I came out. The bear was still there. And he was hungry now, as I could tell by his new interest in me.

"In the faint light I saw a seal had crawled up on one end of the floe. I was very cold. But I lay in the snow and crawled slowly toward it, imitating another seal, and stabbed it to death.

"I fed most of the seal to the bear. As a result he ceased to be interested in me and slept."

For a month Metoq drifted around on the ice-pan, killing seals and feeding the bear as well as himself. As soon as his meat supply got low, he had the sensation of seeing his big white shipmate licking his chops for a mouthful of Eskimo. But each time a seal turned up before it was too late.

Metoq's wife finished the story when the man's memory of his sufferings overcame him. "He worked for a long time with seal bones and bits of tendon," she explained. "Finally he fashioned a sort of harpoon with his knife as its tip. With this he killed the bear. Then the Almighty Devil changed the direction of the wind, and he drifted back to land two capes below the one where we live."

MR. POSSUM BRINGS HOME HIS DINNER

IT is not uncommon to see long-tailed monkeys use their very supple tails to drag objects along after them. A Companion reader from Illinois writes us that one opossum at least hit upon the same idea and put his ingenuity to good use in bringing home his dinner! He says:

A neighbor recently killed an opossum under such a queer circumstance that I believe you will be interested. The neighbor has a field of corn adjoining the chicken yard of my son, a number of whose chickens had been killed and partly eaten by some thieving animal. The neighbor saw an opossum parading across his cornfield, apparently leading a chicken away by a rope! On investigation the man found that the opossum had his tail wrapped firmly around the chicken's neck. He was taking him home for his dinner, I suppose! The chicken was not hurt, but the opossum would not let go till the man found a club and hit it. The chicken was about half grown; the opossum was about grown, but apparently young.

This is not as a "tall" story, but as an absolutely true one, although I shall not be surprised if some find it hard to believe.

A MYSTERIOUS LOCALITY

TWO men who had travelled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy!"



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Our Offer

This Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$3.00 extra, or for 12 subscriptions. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$9.00 postpaid.

The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street : Boston



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

The Y. C. LAB Makes Its Fourth Quarterly \$100 Award

Just in time for Christmas, one of the highest honors of the Lab goes to Member Anton Watkins



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

Fourth Quarterly \$100 Award

EVERY three months, a Quarterly Award of \$100.00 is given by the Y. C. Lab to the Member whose work has been deemed most meritorious during this period.

The Governors, Director and Councilors announce with much pleasure that to Member Anton Watkins of Easton, Pa., is here-with given our Fourth Quarterly Award of \$100.00.

Member Watkins makes a notable addition to the previous list of the winners of this high award. Member F. W. Bang, the first winner, was selected for painstaking design and execution in model-construction, and in the arts and crafts. Member Don Emery, the second winner, received his award for an intensely practical piece of household engineering, a pipeless furnace of his own construction. Member Fulton Holtby won his award for courage, persistence and fertility of ideas, which led him to such difficult projects as a motion-picture camera and a windmill electric generator.

Now to Member Anton Watkins goes the current \$100.00 Quarterly Award because, with almost no opportunities except those which he himself has created, with scant equipment, slight encouragement, and in the face of a dozen reasons which might have discouraged him, he has extended his interest far and wide into a variety of fields, in all of which he gives promise of being highly successful.

He has been a model-constructor, a builder of useful household articles; he has been a printer and publisher, a student of engineering at home; and he has lived a wholesome, active outdoor life. The Fourth Quarterly Award goes to one of the most active and versatile among all the unusually gifted boys whom the Y. C. Lab has brought into deserved prominence.

Member Watkins Won His Way

MORE and more, in the present temper of the world, life's principal prizes are going to boys and men who can earn them. The world has very little patience, nowadays, with people who think they can inherit position. During the years since the World War, rich families all over the world have become poor

The Most Valuable Coupon in America

SO simple an act as clipping the coupon below, filling it out and returning it to the Director of the Y. C. Lab, may be one of the most important steps that a boy can take. One boy did this and earned a college scholarship. Four other boys have done this, and each one has earned \$100.00 as a result. Every week other boys earn a total of \$20.00 or more by this means.

Of course, such results are not guaranteed to everyone. Not every boy is an Anton Watkins, for example. But this we can say: The coupon below, which brings you full information about how you may become first an Associate and then a Member of the Y. C. Lab, is the most interesting coupon to boys in America, because it opens the way to obtain scientific and financial benefits which, until the Lab was instituted a year ago, were absolutely beyond the reach of any boy in this country.

Are you interested in doing the sort of things that you see on this page every week? If you are, do not hesitate a minute.

Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

To receive full information about membership in the Y. C. Lab, clip this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy..... years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for election to the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Full Post Office Address.....



Member Watkins at work in his room. The character of his working quarters gives you an excellent idea of the breadth and scope of his interests. A 36-in. model of a Spanish galleon, a plant stand, a model racing sloop, a kettle-ball, mahogany bookends, a table lamp, a toy derrick and a mahogany mantel clock here illustrated are all products of his untiring craftsmanship

families, and poor families have become rich. More than ever before, a boy's career is open to his own talents.

Even in the most stable and the happiest of all modern countries, the United States, and Canada, this tendency has been making itself felt. President Coolidge won his way to the White House from a small country store and farm. Bruce Barton, two of whose books are in current lists of "best sellers" at the same time, was a \$12-a-week clerk less than twenty years ago. David Sarnoff, at ten years of age, was supporting an immigrant family by delivering newspapers; at thirty, he was made General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, one of this country's largest business enterprises.

Member Anton Watkins is also a boy who has come from modest beginnings, and has made himself rich. He is not rich in money, of

newspapers, and his route passed a carpenter shop. He stopped there, when he could, with results known to the readers of page 649 of our September 9 issue. On that page, he told how he was hired in that shop as a helper, and how, when his employer was ill, he became boss of the shop for a long period.

When a boy or man is merely content to drift with the tide in a prosperous country, working only just as hard as is necessary to "get by," he can usually make a fair living. Many men are like that. They work faithfully enough, but they shut their eyes and ears to influences just a little bit outside the routine of their lives. Anton Watkins might easily have become, and remained, a good carpenter. But he wanted much more. And when the Y. C. Lab was instituted, a year ago, he was one of the first boys in America to find out about it and to apply for membership.

Noticing the Y. C. Lab page in copies of The Youth's Companion in a Y. M. C. A. library which he regularly used, Anton promptly decided that the Y. C. Lab was an outside influence which could help him. He applied for membership, and was elected an Associate. A few months later, his improving work brought him election as a full Member. All this time, he wrote constantly for advice and assistance to the Director and Councilors of the Y. C. Lab. Instead of guessing at problems in science and engineering, he asked these men to help him, and their help was prompt and continuous.

An Interest in Many Things

IN this way, although he had no spending money except what he could earn, Anton Watkins became the owner of a "Cinderella," the racing roadster which any boy can build by using Y. C. Lab Bulletin No. 2, and the patterns supplied free to Y. C. Lab Members and Associates. In addition, by studying the Y. C. Lab page, and making—with improvements of his own—many of the projects he found upon it from week to week, he has in his room a great variety of desirable belongings.

Framed among the other things on his wall, you will observe the Certificate of Membership in the Y. C. Lab. Member Watkins made this frame, just as he made the 36-in. model of a Spanish galleon, the plant stand, the model racing sloop, the "kettle-ball exerciser" which he made out of an old bowling ball, the mahogany bookends and mantel clock, and many



Here is Member Watkins photographed last August as he arrived at the Wollaston Lab after a hiking trip of several hundred miles from Easton, Pa., carrying a 35-lb. pack. This will illustrate to you how interested in the Lab and its progress he is. All Applicants, Associates and Members are always welcome at the Wollaston Lab



The kitchen cabinet which Member Watkins constructed for the benefit of his household. Note the care of the workmanship and the considerable utility of design. Member Watkins specializes in useful articles

course. But he has saved much more money than many sons of wealthy parents; and he has made himself rich in material belongings of his own design and construction. He is on the eve, we believe, of a considerable success in life.

He Made an Early Start

ANTON WATKINS is seventeen. His father, a laborer, came to this country from Lithuania in 1908 because working conditions were bad at home. Anton was born a year later. He is an American citizen. His immediate business in life, as he knows, is to make himself worthy of the improved opportunities which his father's immigration to America has brought him.

When he was six, Anton borrowed some simple tools and made a toy wagon. He liked this work with tools. At eleven, he was carrying

other things regarding which he has kept the Y. C. Lab carefully supplied with descriptions.

Thus, in his spare time, Member Watkins has made for himself, at a very conservative valuation, not less than \$500.00 worth of useful and handsome belongings. Any boy with equal ambition can do as well or better. It is significant that Anton Watkins, raised in a frugal home, has made only things of some real value in daily living.

A Disaster in Publishing

AMONG his other activities, Anton Watkins published from September, 1925, to May, 1926, a little magazine called "The Handy Craftsman." Many Y. C. Lab members wrote to him for sample copies, and some were regular subscribers. With a circulation of slightly more than four hundred, all over the country, this venture proved too expensive both in money and in time, and Watkins had the good sense to discontinue it and to accept a loss of about \$100.00.

It is by failures, as well as by successes, that a boy learns the measure of the world.

Member Watkins reports that he is undecided about his future education, but hopes to take a college course in Structural Engineering. Whether he does so or not, he is likely to make his mark. As this issue goes to press, he sends word that he is moving from Easton, Pa., to 416 South Park Street, Elizabeth Point, N. J., where he will be near the great manufacturing and educational center of New York.

America has given him much; but he has given more than most boys of his age to America. The present \$100.00 Quarterly Award is made to him for his continued interest in the Y. C. Lab, his promptness and accuracy in answering letters, his resourcefulness in hiking from Easton to Boston, and for the very unusual skill he has shown in design and construction.

A Great Chance to Get Your Buccaneer Now

THERE are very few businesses to which the descriptive term "seasonal" does not apply. It does not take much imagination to realize what this word means to the manufacturers of the country.

Take, for example, our allies the Brooks Boat Company, makers of the best and cheapest all-round small boat in the world—the factory which supplies you with the knock-down parts and pattern from which you can make, as many have made, a Buccaneer.

As you can imagine, few people buy boats in December. Lakes and rivers are frozen, and everyone knows that it will be six months at least before there is much pleasure in sailing. So everyone waits until April, May and June to order his boat, and during those months the Brooks Boat Company falls behind from three to ten weeks in filling orders—simply because the factory cannot keep up with the demand. It must, however, do this or employ extra men for this short rush season and lay them off thereafter, which would work an injustice to these men, to their wives, sons and daughters.

At this season of the year the Brooks Boat Company is in position to make prompt shipment. The question I now put to prospective owners of this boat is therefore as follows: Do you want to be far-visioned and order your next summer's Buccaneer now, thus assuring delivery at a most convenient time, or will you wait until the spring breezes actually commence to blow and then order with the other shortsighted people?

The Brooks Boat Company has empowered the Director of the Lab to make a special proposition to all Members. To those who will help equalize the load by ordering next spring's Buccaneer before December 31 it will grant a discount of 5 per cent from the bill. If you order in January, you may deduct 3 per cent. If you order in February, you may deduct 2 per cent. Beginning on March 1, no further deduction can be made.

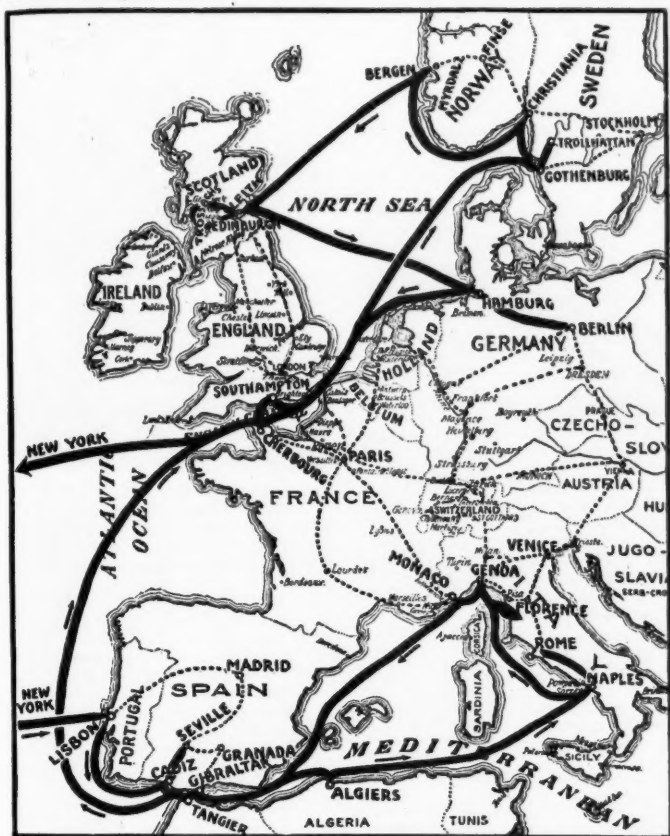
WE wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the boys of the Y. C. Lab.—The Governors, The Director and The Councilors, Y. C. Lab.

If you want this great boat, you should buy it now to be sure of prompt delivery, and build it comfortably and without haste in your barn, garage or cellar this winter.

Write immediately for plans and price list to the Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw, Mich. If you order before January 1, 1927, deduct 5 per cent from the prices.

THE DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB.





This is one of the famous Clark Cruises—an example of the alluring tours you can make in Europe with a friend, all your joint expenses paid by The Youth's Companion, if you win this great subscription contest

Do You Want Some More Christmas Money?

ANYBODY who sees this can, this very day, go around the houses near home and earn \$5.00 in Christmas money for himself or herself before bedtime tonight. And if you would rather have gifts than money, you can get gifts that would cost you not merely \$5.00 but \$10.00. All you have to do is to tell the people who live near you about The Youth's Companion, and take their subscriptions for the new year.

Listen to Mrs. E. C. Andrews, of Glendive, Mont. "Our oldest daughter Minnie," she writes, "has taken The Youth's Companion for several years, and it is enjoyed by our entire family. Your anniversary premiums were so inviting that our twelve-year-old son wished he could have some of them. So, unbeknown to him, I called on several neighbors and phoned a few friends, and got eleven subscriptions in less than two hours. And now I am hoping to find time to get more."

Mrs. Andrews's cash commissions, for her two hours of easy and interesting activity, would have amounted to \$5.50. But she took premiums instead—and, because The Youth's Companion buys these premiums in great quantities, at lowest wholesale prices, the premiums always represent more value than you could secure by buying them yourself, one at a time, at retail prices.

Right Across the Street!

Zoa Jean Sabey writes from Washington: "I had been wanting a Banjo-Uke for some time, and when The Companion came with its picture I went right across the street and got a subscription from one of our neighbors."

If you are wondering, like so many people, where that extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 you need for Christmas this year is coming from—I can tell you. You can get it, right away, this minute, by persuading your nearest friends to subscribe to The Youth's Companion.

Collect \$2.00 from each of them, keep 50 cents for yourself, and send the names and addresses, with \$1.50 remittance for each one, to The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston. Or send the full \$2.00 for each one and specify which premium you want.

And remember, there is a reward for Early Work. If you send us five or more new yearly subscriptions on or before Christmas

Day, Saturday, December 25, 1926—you may pick out for yourself premiums to the value of \$5.00 in addition to the cash premiums or the other premiums which you have already earned.

Suppose, for instance, that you have sent in four new subscriptions and have been rewarded for them. Send one more tonight, and it will be worth \$5.00 to you!

Also, remember that, unlike the previous premium contests, this one—the Hundredth Anniversary Contest—is not ending at the end of December, but will go on, stronger than ever, until March 1, 1927. This gives you two more months in which to work for the superb Grand Prizes—the trip to Europe for two, the Chrysler 60 Coach, the high-speed Power Boat, the Ciné-Kodak Motion-picture Camera, the Fordson Tractor, or any of the other wonderful things that the winners in this contest will have from which to choose. (See catalogue, Oct. 21 issue.)

Win the Big Prizes!

Be sure that every farm home within your reach receives The Youth's Companion. There will be many nights when all the people in that home will be grateful for the clean entertainment, the useful suggestions, the interesting puzzles and games and jokes, which The Youth's Companion will bring them regularly. There is no other possible way in which a farm home can pay so little and get so much.

Be sure that your doctor and oculist and dentist have The Youth's Companion for their waiting rooms. They need something especially that will attract and entertain their visitors. Many a doctor has greatly increased his popularity among young patients by having the current issue of The Youth's Companion always on his table, where they can read it while waiting for their turn.

Make this the best Christmas you have ever known. Don't be poor on the "night before Christmas." Be rich. The Companion is here to help you. Take plenty of subscriptions now, today, and they will make you as rich as you care to be.

Your friend,

Mason Willis.

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

FREE!
30 DAY TRIAL
World's Biggest Bargain, direct from factory. Powerful, selective; clear, sweet tone. Don't buy unless 30 days trial proves Miraco's "Compact" outperforms costly 6 and 7 tube sets. Fully guaranteed. Write quick for AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER. User-Agents Wanted. MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION, Pioneer Builders of Sets, 417-Zimco Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

5 TUBE GUARANTEED RADIO
\$19.95

FREE Wonderful Book
Tells how to learn to mount birds, animals, game heads and taxidermy. Learn by mail. A necessity for hunters and nature lovers. Quickly learned by men and women. Fascinating. Success guaranteed. Decorate your home and den with splendid art. Make big profits from your spare time. Write today for illustrated book. "It'll delight you." W. W. School of Taxidermy, 2500 Elmwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

25¢ CLASS FREE PINS CATALOG 25¢
Design shown made with any equal amount lettering, 2 colors enamel. BASTIAN BROS. CO. 723 Beaton Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

BUILD SHIP MODELS! Easy to build and sell. Plans and instructions: "Santa Maria" \$1.02—Viking Galleon, 42c—Magellan's "Victoria" 77c—Hudson's "Half Moon" 92c—Clipper Ship, 82c—or all for \$3.75. Sea Arts Guild, 405-G Eleventh Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



Operates by Hand, Motor or Foot Power

GIVEN This Fine American Scroll Saw

This Scroll Saw is especially suited to the use of members of the Y. C. Lab and all young cabinet makers. With it even the beginner can produce an absolutely square and straight cut, a thing practically impossible with a hand saw. Saw arm has reach of 8 inches. Saw blade will cut wood, fibre, bakelite, aluminum, brass, zinc, etc. We include extra blade.

How to Earn It

The Scroll Saw will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.25 extra, or for 7 subscriptions. Or, the Saw will be sold for \$6.00. Also include postage for 10 lb. package.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass



Forged Steel!

YOU'D be interested to see them make Millers Falls Auger Bits—where furnaces glow white hot, and sparks fly as the bits take shape under the hammer.

Auger bits are forged, hardened—then filed, polished and tested. Many steps, but necessary; and every step is made with great care in Millers Falls factories.



Millers Falls Auger Bits are made for men who expect unusual service from their tools—mechanics who have learned to expect that from all Millers Falls Tools.

Carpenters' tools, automobile tools, and hack saws—all are shown and described in our complete small catalog. Write for your copy, mentioning Youth's Companion.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Millers Falls, Mass.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

SINCE 1868

WHEN YOU COME TO BOSTON be sure to include THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP in your list of places to visit. From 8 Arlington street, corner of Marlborough, we overlook the PUBLIC GARDEN. Two minutes walk to the Arlington street subway station, and the Boylston street shops, or seven minutes walk across the GARDEN and COMMON to Tremont street, and the very heart of the retail district.



HUNTING FISHING

Here's a Knife

that any man or boy would like to own. Just the right size—not too large or too small—with blades of finest quality steel, brass lined and nickel silver trimmings. Stag handles and fully guaranteed.

And here's a Magazine

that any man or boy will like to read.

HUNTING & FISHING is a 52-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, game laws, best places to hunt and fish and camp. Every lover of wholesome, healthful outdoor life will enjoy and profit by reading Hunting & Fishing Magazine.

SPECIAL OFFER: We will send you this Remington Pocket Knife and Hunting & Fishing Magazine for a whole year—12 big issues

HUNTING & FISHING MAGAZINE
312 NEWBURY STREET BOSTON, MASS.

BOTH For Only \$1.00





Our Keystone
Pin of Gold
and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements.

Our Members Column

Our first Active Members won their Active Membership and pins by their successful achievements in the Fashion Fête.

By what enterprise will you win your active membership and pin and a right to all the advantages of the G. Y. C.? To become a member, send in the little Keystone Blank.

Six Active Members Win \$1.00 Each

WITH members and Branch Clubs all starting out on enterprises of their own and writing in about them and winning publication prizes, you will find that there are to be many other accounts besides those of the activities of our own Workbox on our page! Here are the pictures of some of them—they all win \$1.00 you know because their pictures are published, and then this counts as a peg up in their records toward Contributing Membership, too!

Branch Clubs and Members—Attention:

If you have already made yourselves smocks or record diaries, why not try for a publication prize by writing in about them and sending a snapshot of your finished enterprises? Let us all see how you look in your finished smocks! Let us have a peek at a page or two out of your record diaries! We are all interested in what you are doing as a member of the G. Y. C.

Here are two letters from two of our Corresponding Members. Doris's Club and Mildred and Lucille, too, will win their pins and Active Membership as soon as they send in their snapshots for the G. Y. C. Book.

\$1.00 Publication Prize

Dear Hazel Grey: We couldn't wait for our Keystone Blank, which I enclose, to be answered so we are starting our club right away. It is just piles of fun! We made record diaries and began right on Xmas presents. At present we're all making little bead chokers out of the smallest beads we could find. We use for colors blue, pink, yellow, etc., or just plain white. They are so easy to make and are darling presents.

Then we also made little bibs. We bought toweling, cut it in the right shape, and bound it with blue, yellow, or rose bias tape. In our spare moments we do all sorts of embroidering.

Oh, I forgot, there are six of us! They are:

Rita Bence, age 13 Jean Swarts, age 12
Frances Neuberger, age 12 Betty Humphrey, age 12
Jeanne Humphrey, age 13 Doris Humphrey, age 13

We hope our club is the first in New York State. I think it's a splendid plan to have some clubs in every state. We each pay five cents a week dues for expenses.

My sister Jeanne made a dress for the Fashion Fête and got Honorable Mention. Don't you think the rest of us have earned our pins, too?

Yours with great hopes for the G. Y. C.
DORIS HUMPHREY, Union, N. Y.

This is the Keystone Blank
Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

THE G. Y. C.

"The Girls of the Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

The First G. Y. C. Contest—The photographs have begun to come in in great numbers since the contest rules came out on the November 25th G. Y. C. page. Have you sent yours? If you missed the rules, a stamped addressed envelope will bring them to you.

Merry Christmas to You All!

Dear Readers of the G. Y. C. Page:

This is one of the happiest Christmases for The Youth's Companion, and we think it must be for all of you, too, for the same reason, namely because of the G. Y. C. With almost two thousand of us, although we are only six weeks old, we feel that the G. Y. C. does and will continue to mean all that we have hoped it could in pleasure and usefulness to girls all over the country who meet on the common ground of their own page in The Youth's Companion. Even if we couldn't take in another new Member from today, on, those of us who are members now would have so much to gain from association through the G. Y. C. that we should not miss new members—but how stimulating it is to feel that we are meeting new Members by The Keystone Blanks which come in every mail to the G. Y. C. Doesn't it mean a lot to you to realize that as a Member of the G. Y. C. you are in touch now with girls of your own age and many interests all over America, in Canada, and in foreign countries too? Doesn't it make you feel, as I have ever since we began to know each other, that the world and your own particular corner of it are ever so much broader and more valuable and interesting because of the fact that you can come in close contact with these other girls and with the splendid advisers who are standing back of every enterprise that you or the whole G. Y. C. undertakes—from making dishcloth bags to going to college!

Hazel Grey.

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts.



Lucille and Helen decorated the tree under the admiring but critical eyes of Carol's small sister, who was visiting a meeting of the G. Y. C. Workbox

The G. Y. C. Workbox Decorates for Christmas

Enterprise No. 13

WREATHS are so lovely an addition to any Christmas decorating that the Workbox spent a whole afternoon on a Christmas-greens expedition to the woods. As you saw on our cover last week, they came home with delightful rewards—pine-tree boughs, creeping evergreens, pine cones and shiny red berries from the black alder; and (this is added for the benefit of any of you who are lucky enough to live near the sea) they also found some belated lavender rosemary not far from the ocean on the way home!

For the G. Y. C. Christmas tree they picked out a tiny pine tree, choosing one to cut that was in a part of the woods where the young trees grew closely together. When they reached the Workbox once more the greens were all put in a cool place for the night and were ready for use the following afternoon.

Now, to get down to the serious business of this, here is what happened: Carol did

most of the wreath-making, while Lucille and Helen decorated the tree under the admiring but critical eyes of Carol's small sister, who was visiting at the meeting of the Workbox girls.

The Wreath

Carol bent a fairly heavy, stiff piece of wire into a circle measuring a foot in diameter. (A flexible branch like willow could also be used for this foundation for the wreath.) Next she tied pieces of pine branches all round this wire with very heavy black thread. She discovered that these had to be tied on close together and so that they all went in the same direction—the tops of one bunch of the green should cover the stems to one side of it all the way round. Over this pine she tied bunches of the creeping evergreen. Then little bunches of red berries and rosemary tied at intervals added lovely bits of color against the dark-green background. Pine cones, too, she used, wiring them with a thinner wire than



When the wreath was finished, Carol hung it on the door of Letitia Valentine's house, where the Workbox has been holding its meetings

that used for the first foundation, but stuck through the green and wired on to it so that the cones were held firmly in their decorative places. The finishing touch is the bow made with a yard of the brightest red ribbon to be found.

Fruits and vegetables are lovely, too, when used in place of the berries and pine cones—for instance, two kinds of grapes and carrots are extremely pretty; and if this sounds strange to you, just try it and see! Even the humble sweet potato and the cucumber have their place as decorative additions to Christmas wreaths, and of course, if you are lucky enough to be able to get some, cumquats and tangerines make lovely Italian-looking effects when wired against the pine and evergreen. And you could use cranberries or barberry, too, for red. Boxwood, hemlock, rhododendron leaves and the leaves of English ivy are all possible to use for greens. Another touch that might be lovely if you couldn't get anything red would be to gild or tint with crimson your pine cones.

Also the Christmas Tree

Before trimming the G. Y. C. Christmas tree it had to have something to make it stand up firmly. This looked pretty hard until a wooden block 6 inches wide by 8 inches long was cut and painted red with some of the paints left in the chest from various painting enterprises! Of course, a flower pot would be another solution, but the tree looks prettier on a stand if the hole is bored to fit the size of the trunk; and it does not run the risk of tipping over.



Carol tied pieces of pine branches all round the wire with very heavy black thread. She discovered that these had to be tied on close together and so that they all went in the same direction, to cover the wire all the way round

Trimmed with shiny balls and several yards of tinsel, the tree looked perfectly lovely in the center of the table at a Saturday-before-Christmas party that the Workbox had. (Four red candles in candlesticks around it gave the finishing touch to the effect.)

Next Week

Our Ship Comes In and A Dream Comes True! Another surprise for all the G. Y. C. News of new active members in the Members' Column, and announcements of Publication Prize Winners.

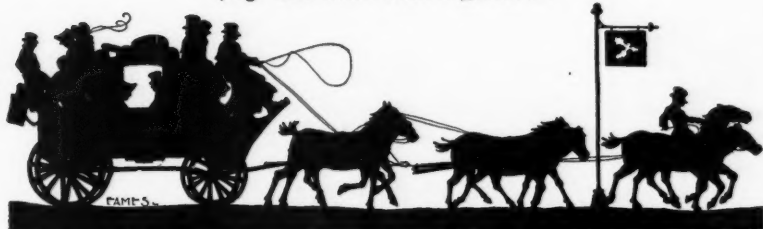


Big folks and little folks all shopping in a hurry

The Children's Page

Christmas Spirit

By Winnie Alice Meeks



Silhouettes by Mary Eames



Big folks and little folks all singing Christmas carols

What Happened on the Christmas Tree

By Georgia Eldredge Hanley



She kept very still while he lowered her gently to the floor

the other on a gay Christmas tree. It was Christmas Eve, and every toy and present was tagged and in its place, even to the funny Plush Dog on the lowest branch.

"I'm a tiny bit scared," whispered Girl Doll to Boy Doll above her.

"We're all right," he answered, trying to sound brave, though he was a tiny bit scared, too.

The Plush Dog heard them and barked in his funny sawdusty voice, "Hello, up there, how are you two feeling?"

Now the dolls didn't want the Plush Dog to know they were afraid, so they said, "We're wondering what will happen next."

"Oho, that's simple enough. In the morning we shall all be given to our children. You," looking at her tag and pointing to Girl Doll with his paw, "and I go to cousin Jean. She'll take us home with her after Christmas. You," nodding to Boy Doll, "stay here with Bobby."

Girl and Boy Doll looked at each other and were very sad. Would they have to part after all these happy weeks together? They just couldn't!

"What shall we do?" asked Girl Doll, and Boy Doll answered, "I know! We'll climb down to the floor, and then we can run away somewhere and hide!" Girl Doll thought this a fine plan.

"I'll untie you and let you down, then I'll follow after," whispered Boy Doll. He fumbled around among the ribbons that held Girl Doll to the tree and soon had her unfastened. She kept very still while he lowered her gently to the floor.

Sing a song of Christmas time
With mistletoe and holly;
Santa Claus is coming soon,
And everyone is jolly,
Big folks and little folks
All shopping in a hurry;
Christmas Day is drawing near,
And everyone must scurry.

Sing a song of Christmas
Eve
With stockings in a row,
Hanging by the family hearth
Amid the firelight's glow.



Big folks and little folks,
All hurrying off to bed,
Find they cannot go to sleep,
And lie awake, instead.

Sing a song of Christmas Morn
With candles on the tree;
Santa Claus has slipped around
And filled our home with glee.
Big folks and little folks,
All filled with love and mirth,
Are singing Christmas carols
On the day that marks His birth.

Boy and Girl Doll Meet a Monster
She hid in front of a squarish box that stood nearby with its lid hooked down tight. Then Boy Doll began to climb down through the boughs. Suddenly he slipped, lost his hold and came bouncing down with a bang right on top of the squarish box. The hook sprang open, up came the lid, down fell Boy Doll and out toward Girl Doll rushed the queerest-looking creature, all head and neck. She screamed in terror.



The Plush Dog heard them and barked in his funny sawdusty voice

"Well, upon my soul, can't a body be let alone in this box until Christmas morning?" asked the monster crossly.

"Deary me! Oh, deary me, what shall we do!" sobbed first one frightened little doll, then the other. "Squeeze him back in again," laughed the Plush Dog; "it's only old Jack-in-the-box anyway!"

So they pushed and they squeezed and they tried to put old Jack back in his box, but it was very hard, for

he would spring up, again and again. At last he was in the box, the lid down tight and the hook fastened. The two doll friends were so tired they could scarcely stand up. Just then they heard a tiny sweet voice singing way up in the tiptop of the Christmas tree:

"Do your work, little Christmas Toys,
Be good friends to girls and boys.
How can we make Christmas shine
If toys or presents shirk and whine?"

Girl Doll and Boy Doll looked up to the tree-top in wonder and saw a small pink wax Christmas Angel swaying from the top branch. He held a tiny trumpet in his hand, and he appeared to be flying. It really was the elastic string that held him to the tree, but the little dolls didn't know that. He was somewhat battered, for one hand was gone, but his hair was still golden, his wings still



The little Christmas angel was sounding his trumpet

glistening and silky. His tiny blue silk dress, trimmed with lace, was fair to see.

"Many a year have I swayed, from the top of the Christmas tree, and at peep of dawn I sound my horn, to wake the children Christmas morn their wonderful toys to see. I was brought across the sea, from the land of Christmas toys, where each toy knew what it had to do, and loved its child with heart so true. Oh, happy girls and boys!" the angel sang on.

The dolls were ashamed. Just think, they had tried to run away! What would Santa Claus think of them? Girl Doll began to cry. Then Boy Doll crept up to her. "Let's stay," he whispered, putting his arms about her. You see they were real Christmas toys after all.

"Oh," cried Girl Doll, "I've lost my tag!"

"Wherever could you have dropped it?" asked Boy Doll in alarm.

They both hunted and hunted, but the tag was nowhere to be found.

"I've lost mine, too," exclaimed Boy Doll, now quite upset.

"What can we do now? They won't know whom we belong to; why didn't we stay on the tree?"

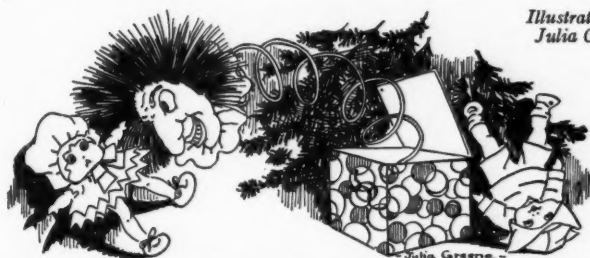
"We can't get back now; we'll stand here under it and be given to somebody," said Boy Doll.

Nothing more could be done about it now, for the little Christmas angel was sounding his trumpet,

and soon the children would come trooping in to see what Santa had brought them. The naughty dolls, now sorry, could only wait and see what would happen to them.

"Merry Christmas!" joyfully called the children to each other as they scrambled downstairs and burst open the doors where the tree stood. Such "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" you never heard, and I'm sure you never heard such squeals of delight. Everyone was so busy no one noticed small Jean as she went up in wonder and awe to the Christmas tree. She stood still a moment looking, then she stooped down, reached with her chubby arms under the tree and gathered the two little doll friends in her hands. Lovingly she hugged them tightly in her arms.

"They belong together," she said to herself, "and I know they're waiting for me!"



"Well, upon my soul, can't a body be let alone in this box until Christmas morning?" asked the monster crossly

Illustrations by Julia Greene



Alice always helps with the dishes

These are the Kinds of Girls and Boys we ask you to help

HELEN is the oldest of five children whose home is in the poor district of one of our large cities. The father is an honest, self-respecting man, but an unskilled laborer with very irregular employment. The family, therefore, must depend upon a local welfare agency for material assistance. Helen is extremely fond of reading. Don't you want to help us send her a magazine of her very own every week?

CARL's father is hopelessly ill and confined to his bed. The mother is able to earn only a small weekly wage and receives aid regularly from a local charitable organization. Carl, who is fifteen, ranks very high in the intelligence test, and with proper guidance, has a bright future. Will you lend a helping hand?

ALICE's father deserted his family five years ago. Alice, who is fourteen, and her brother who is ten years old, have not had any playmates. The Youth's Companion coming to her home would mean much to the family.

MICHAEL is living with a step-mother and seven brothers and sisters. He is the oldest, fifteen years, and works outside school hours to help support the family. Michael feels keenly the desertion of his parents. His teacher considers him a very promising boy. The Youth's Companion coming in his name would be a source of new encouragement to him.

TONY is an unusually bright boy of thirteen years. As the oldest of five children he is anxious to help his mother in the support of the family, but is under-nourished and delicate. Clinic treatment requires that he remain in bed two hours each day. As he has little in the way of recreation, a good weekly magazine would be a real benefit and inspiration to him.

MARIE's home is supported entirely by the small earnings of a brother and sister slightly older than herself. With a family of five to support there are no funds for such reading matter as you enjoy. Marie, who is fourteen, is doing splendid work in school in English. Think what a help The Youth's Companion would be to her!



Tony is rather delicate but willing to help



JOHN is fifteen. His parents are dead and he has been placed in a foster home on a farm, under the care of a welfare association. He is doing well at school and is fond of reading. He has been recommended to us as one who would joyfully welcome The Youth's Companion as a weekly visitor.

CHARLES is eleven, but has the mentality of a fifteen-year-old boy. The family are too poor to have any books or magazines. Charles has a real love for good literature. The Youth's Companion would be the finest kind of a treat for this boy and his brother and sisters.

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